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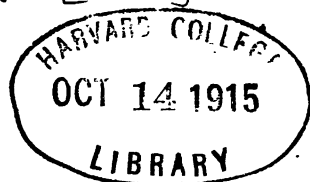
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INTRODUCTION.

NINE tenths of the parties who figure in the following sketches ought to be exceedingly obliged to me for having taken up the pencil of a historical portrait painter ; for it is highly probable that by my aid, and by my aid only, will the good people who may happen to exist some hundred years hence have an inkling that such persons ever lived upon the earth.

“History will do me justice,” cry half the self-sufficient nobodies of the day, when they have strutted their after-dinner hour upon the floor of the House of Commons, and have been coughed down in the middle of the best bit of tinsel in their whole harangue. “History will do me justice,” cries some sudden turncoat, when all the newspapers

are barking at him simply for unsaying all he had ever said, and abusing every body and every thing which he had ever eulogised. "History will do me justice," cries some microscopic statesman, after he has been kicked out for some piece of petty impertinence, magnanimously wrapping himself round in the mantle of his own virtue. God help you, good people! History has a great many other matters to attend to. She will take no more notice of these very important incidents, in your very important lives, than she will of the wagging of the tails of the gold and silver fish which your ladies and daughters keep in glass globes and amuse themselves by feeding.

History do *you* justice? She will never hear of you except by chance, and what she does record of you will probably be something which she has cursorily hit upon in some forgotten page of an old magazine, or in some worm-eaten letter, from your best friend or your worst foe, as the case may happen, which may turn up after your death; or perchance in the relics of some contemporary Horace Walpole who may be now inditing something caustic and sarcastic enough to be very amusing about you all.

I have read a great deal of History, but I always have found that these form the raw material whence she spins her yarn. Look into Hume and you will

find that a full half of Reresby's Memoirs has been turned into "History of England;" look into Walpole's historic doubts, and Henry the Fifth; and you will find how history has laid her hand upon the two first daubs which she could find, and, after giving them a touch, sent them down as portraits of the crook-backed tyrant and the conqueror of France.

If she treats such people as these thus unceremoniously, how can you expect, ye men of little Lilliput, that she will ever condescend to care how she kicks or cuffs you, in her way through the crowd? When she looks at the scenes in which you took part, she will take an inverted telescope, and dispatch in a single line the whole story of your existence. If she were to do more than this all mankind would agree to strangle her.

It is to save Dame History a vast deal of trouble—a great deal of raking in old chests, and dusting her fingers among old magazines and newspapers, that I have taken the pains to strike off for her use a series of descriptions and biographies, which will dovetail nicely into her narrative and save her all care upon the subject. Depend upon it, most famous politicians, she will take my assistance in vastly good part, and that the only history of you that will ever be read will be taken from these pages.

All I fear is that she will turn over the leaves and turn up her nose and say, "Are these what you call first class politicians?" and shut the book, and pass you over altogether in disgust. In truth I could not much blame her for this—for, after coming fresh from the contemplation of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Canning, it must be rather strange to her to find herself introduced to Londonderry and Peel as first class politicians.

The fact is I have no first class politicians to shew her—there is nothing of the sort now extant, with two or three marvellously rare exceptions, and those moreover rather dubious specimens. All I could do therefore was to take the men who held the most important offices, and the men who made the longest speeches, to shuffle these people artfully among some able second-rate men of the last generation, and to put them forward for, what in reality they are, the first-rate men of this degenerate age. In order to give an air of something like respectability to the list, I have dragged in the military reputation of the Duke of Wellington, and I have resuscitated the defunct Politician Earl Grey. These however, and perhaps three others, are men about whom history will make rather minute enquiries upon her own account. There are others here whom even I cannot hope to rescue from entire oblivion.

I beg to have it distinctly understood that, with the exception of some seven or eight names, I consider myself in the light of a benefactor to every man whom I have introduced. I will not bate a jot of my merit on account of a little abuse or an unfavourable estimate of a man's character or abilities. My object is to make all these folks known for a generation or two, and where I have abused a man he may take it for granted—first of all that I think exactly what I have said of him—and secondly that I think he will be a man so altogether unknown in fifty years' time that I shall get nobody to read any thing about him unless I embalm him in a piquante scolding—it is better than nothing to be illustrious and remembered even as a fool.

These observations are applicable to this series of what we are obliged to call First Rate Politicians—just as Gulliver found princes and giants among the Lilliputians—and also to a crowd of second and third-rate gentry, who will figure in the same form in a second series.

One word more only I wish to premise. These sketches are written *currente calamo*—they are the result of experience and observation, not of study—so that I have neither weighed words nor balanced sentences. In case therefore of any ambiguous phrase occurring I will supply a key for its interpretation. I

know nothing of any of these men *here*, except in their public capacity. I speak of them only as they appear before the world and in public life. It has been established now upon general authority that a man may be an exceedingly base and dishonourable fellow in public life, and yet a most estimable and gentlemanly man in his private capacity. To gentlemen who rely upon this distinction it may be as well to say that they may all be, for aught I know or care, small angels in their domestic capacity.

Seriously believing that these scraps of biography will be used as materials for history, I have written them with the impartiality of history. Here is the character which a contemporary ought to hold with us, and will hold with our grand-children. What may be said upon the subject either by the parties judged, by their enemies, or by their parasites, will very little affect

MASK.

June 21, 1839.

BOOK I.

FIRST CLASS POLITICIANS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Arma virumque cano.

HERE is a man who will be as fresh in the mouths of his countrymen when our great-grand-children are mouldering in oblivion as he is at this moment. Thirty years hence, it is said, Talleyrand's Memoirs are to see the light; thirty years hence, who will know or care one thought about any Englishman mentioned in them except him whose name I have put at the head of this pencilling? By that time the great mass of people will know as little about Canning and Grey, and Peel and Russell, as they know about Sir Robert Walpole. Ask any ten respectable members of our middle classes who Godolphin, or Harley, or Saint John was, and they will all stare at you as a man who has employed his time in searching after very absurd things: but ask the same people who Marlborough was, and the little boy, who has just come in from school with his satchel at his back, will

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relate to you, off-hand, the leading incidents of his career. Yet Marlborough was one of the meanest and most contemptible scoundrels upon God's earth—a man of small general ability, with a good head for military tactics—an extortioner, an embezzler, a double traitor, a miserable miser—a vacillating, hen-pecked fellow, always involved in petty schemes of political treachery, and very seldom possessed of wit enough to bring them to a successful issue. Such is fame.

Here, say his idolators, is our second Marlborough. I shall not pay him so bad a compliment as to repeat the intended panegyric; but my recollection of the true character of the first enables me to approach this great man without any very tremendous awe. I can press through the halo which surrounds him, gathered as it is from the streaming tides of human gore which have rolled at his feet, and, when I grasp the reality and remove it to a common atmosphere, I find I have but a very ordinary man—a man, indeed, whom station and habit have impressed with peculiar and strongly-marked features of character, but whose intellect, if it is of a strong, is also of a coarse, description—like the physical force of a brawny peasant, effective enough where the object to be accomplished is quite straight forward, but as useless in any delicate conjuncture, requiring the higher powers of mind to meet it, as the strength of the peasant would be in chiselling a marble bust.

With his renown as a leader of armies, with his laurels as a hero, with what his panegyrists term

his firmness of mind — as manifested by his “military executions” in the East — that is the term, I believe — and by his abandonment of that brave, brilliant, galloping, reckless, unprincipled fellow, Ney — I have, fortunately, nothing to do. I must take him, not as he appears in the field, first among the many illustrious, absolute over tens of thousands, where his arguments glance from the bristling bayonets of squares of infantry, and his heavy facts go forth from the mouths of a hundred cannon, but, as he appears in the House of Lords, where whatever he accomplishes must come from himself — where he cannot concentrate in himself the fame which accrues from the efforts of others, and where all that his name can perform for him is to magnify performances actually his own.

I need not attempt a description of *The Duke*. There is hardly a peasant who would not recognize him if he met him walking in the twilight, in the middle of Salisbury-plain. Thanks to his own very marked physiognomy and the infinitude of busts and portraits that exist, it is quite impossible that any one should ever be at a loss for a proper figure in which to embody his idea of the victor at Waterloo. The authentic portraits extant are indeed so numerous that one would suppose the hero passes the greater portion of his life in granting fac-similes of himself to posterity. In the House of Lords we single out at once his plain, spare, unpretending figure, his invariable blue frock-coat, and the face which we recognize as that of an old acquaintance — that long, oval head, those pale and sallow cheeks,

the piercing eye, the aquiline nose, and that peculiar mouth so expressive of energy and determination, yet having nothing of the closed jaw and compressed lip in which we are accustomed to read those qualities—all is as familiar to us as the reflection of our own features in the glass. Every one must remark the expression of perfect repose which is always visible upon the duke's countenance when sitting in the House of Lords, and the unmoveable calmness of his aspect, even when most provoked—even when Brougham attacks him, or Roden comes to his aid. Let us see him upon his legs, and we shall see this marble expression vanish. Whenever he manifests the slightest intention to address the House, silence at once prevails ; twenty impatient orators give way without a word, and a stranger would suppose that it was one of the standing orders of the House that no one should attempt to speak when the duke comes forward to be heard.

He addresses the House, but, if you expect that a hero must be an orator, you will be sadly disappointed. Contrary to what you would have anticipated from his quiet appearance, he gesticulates almost violently, and speaks with an air of earnestness—almost with an air of passion. His enunciation is also very bad. The loss of his teeth makes him mumble, and an ignorant observer would accuse him of mouthing. But the matter and the language? The former is much better than the latter. The duke is not very expert at drawing up an army of words, and, as to those flaunting standards, those

figures which some men dote upon so fondly, he discards them altogether.

When Sir George Murray attempted to excuse himself from taking office under him upon account of his inexperience in public speaking, "Pho ! pho !" said the duke, "do as I do ; say what you think and don't quote Latin." This is precisely what he does do ; but the duke was very much mistaken in advising poor Sir George to do the same. *His* weight and character would command attention, and render all his audience anxious to discover his sentiments, and the reasons upon which they were founded, even although they had to seek them among a rubbish-heap of involved and barbarous sentences. But who cares what Sir George may think or say—who cares for the opinions of a mere drill-sergeant—and who troubles himself to listen to the words of a man who, as a politician, was neither able nor consistent ?* Sir George, I dare say much to his grace's surprise, made but a very sorry figure in following out the precepts he had received.

As to the matter of the Duke's harangues, the hearer will at once remark that his is the speech of a man who has thought much upon the subject he is speaking of, and nothing upon the manner in which he shall express himself. Not that I mean to say that the duke is a man having the capacity

* Every one must remember Sir George Murray's promise to his constituents and the manner in which he kept it. His ill-judged attempt upon Westminster rendered his unpardonable breach of faith universally known.

of thinking profoundly upon any subject ; I do not think he has, nor would anything surprise me more than to hear from his mouth anything approximating to a new truth. But he has a strong apprehensive faculty ; he has sufficient good sense to avoid speaking upon any question without the preparatory acquisition of *some* knowledge upon the subject ; and then he seizes readily and with great facility upon the leading points in the case. Here, however, is the point of failure : his shrewd and sagacious mind having suggested to him, without much labour, all the ordinary topics of argument upon the subject, he takes them as they occur, and throws them all, mis-shapen and unhewn as they are, into the House of Lords. His speeches consist of a number of germs of argument, none of which are seen and appreciated, because none of them are brought out ; tossed together and rattled over in a mass, they only form a good magazine of materials which after-comers may elaborate. If the Duke would give Lord Ellenborough the heads of one of his speeches, they would make between them a very neat oration ; although even then, perhaps, the Duke's rough, strong, sinewy ideas would look something like Titans in silks and pumps, when dressed out in his lordship's pretty language. The deficiency, however, is equally great in each ; the Duke is very much in want of words and sentences, and poor Ellenborough is an absolute pauper as far as regards ideas.

As a statesman, if judged impartially and without

reference to the name he has achieved in a very dis-similar pursuit, Wellington must sink to a very low grade. As it is, he, of course, receives credit from his admirers for every quality which can mark the possessor of the very highest order of statesman-like talent : everything he does is attributed to some deep and elaborate design ; it is traced to some profound and accurate perception of the state of parties, or the necessities of the country ; they give him credit for being a man of almost superhuman genius, and then, of course, they find it very easy to discover for his acts some very extraordinary motive, which no other man could ever have entertained.

The manner in which the Duke's reputation in this particular has been built up reminds me of a story I read a short time since in one of the magazines. A very sedentary literary man, and a Cockney withal, was seduced by his evil genius to accept an invitation to a sporting baron's chateau in the south of France. The assembled sportsmen, who had heard of and witnessed the achievements of some of our countrymen, and could not dream that we are not all alike in this particular, received him with shouts of exultation. What an object of emulation for their crack shots ! how fortunate they were in the arrival of so bold a rider, to break a beautiful colt whom no one dared to back ! what an instructive companion for their fishing-parties ! what a desirable umpire and master in every thing connected with the sports they had assembled to enjoy ! In vain the unhappy wight

asseverated that he had never mounted a horse in his life, had never fired anything more sportsmanlike than a rusty horse-pistol (at school), and had never extended his piscatory peregrinations beyond the river. "*Monsieur se moque de nous*," was the incredulous answer. He was obliged to attempt to sustain his reputation: he fired both barrels at once bang into the middle of a covey of birds; that was delightful, it was a charming bit of fun: he shot off the tail of one of the keepers' coats; that was a wonderful shot—it shewed the great confidence he had in his own skill: he insisted on being tied upon the colt's back; that was funny, a charming joke; but the pace at which he went, and the leaps he took when he was on, showed that it was nothing more than a joke. When he returned from a fishing excursion with two gudgeon, he had of course thrown the three hundred weight which he must have caught into the river again. At the close of his visit he left the place with the reputation of being the most facetious and agreeable fellow ever seen in those parts, and one whose extraordinary skill in every species of field sports was rather to be admired at a humble distance than to be profanely emulated.

The Cockney hero of this little story is the Duke of Wellington precisely. Whatever he has done, is doing, or ever may do, has been, is, and will be but another proof of his extraordinary powers—whether he bangs his double-barrelled Coercion bills among the Catholics, and misses them: knocks off the skirt of

the Irish church with his Emancipation Bill ; rides his Anti-Reform Colt over all sorts of strange difficulties ; or goes forth with dead-snaps and gorge-hooks to catch the whole newspaper editor tribe, and returns with one poor gudgeon, like Alexander ; each and all of these only prove his enormous powers, and leave him in possession of the reputation, which was at first gratuitously accorded to him, of being the most far-sighted and profound statesman of his age.

When the Duke declared, some seven years ago, that he should be mad ever to dream of becoming Prime Minister, he stated what, as a man of strong ordinary common sense, he must honestly have felt, and what all other sensible men must have agreed in. But he had not then proved the credulity of mankind ; he was not thoroughly aware how faithful and immoveable men are in an opinion they have once taken up and made themselves responsible for ; how they will cling to it through every absurdity, and follow it through every failure. He has learned better since then, and he has acted upon his knowledge.

Every man, however, who can survey the conduct of Wellington in the Cabinet with an impartial eye, must come to the conclusion that he is one of the most unfit men in England to be England's Minister. His habits of government have been formed in the exercise of absolute power. He would make an excellent Autocrat, or a very good Grand Vizier ; but he is incapable of ever comprehending the prin-

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ciple upon which alone the government of a free people can be carried on. I believe him to be an honest and an upright man. Placed in the possession of absolute power, he would do his best to exercise that power for the benefit of the governed ; but he cannot conceive that the governed have any right whatever to dictate to him the manner in which he shall govern. Conscious of the rectitude of his own intentions, he thinks that their only duty is obedience. Thus he sets forth upon his voyage, without paying the slightest regard to what must be the compass of the modern statesman—public opinion. He cares nothing for it—he will not look at it ; and if it is forced upon his attention, rather than steer by it, he will direct his course directly the other way. Thus, when the voice of public opinion rose in a whisper, and increased until it swelled into a mighty and rushing sound, while the foundations of the state were rocking with the blast, the Duke could hear nothing. “The people do not want any reform,” was his contemptuous answer, as he put up his helm to breast the billows. “The people will be quiet enough if they are let alone ; and if they are not, there is a way to make them.” Could this be the conduct or the language of a skilful statesman, whatever might be his principles of government, or whatever his opinions ? Should we consider him a skilful mariner who, against a tremendous gale and with a foundering bark, continued still obstinately to keep his vessel’s head towards the distant port to which he had ori-

ginally been destined, when by tacking and running before the wind he might reach another in safety? No: the Duke of Wellington is not a statesman. He himself, I believe, knows it; but it is too much to expect from humanity, while a crew of fools and knaves — of enthusiasts and parasites — are besieging him night and day with adoration, and burning incense always to him as a God, that he alone of those around him should continue steadfast in his conviction that he is only a man.

This estimation of the Duke, as a man ignorant either to lead or to obey public opinion, is opposed by his adorers by a reference to his conduct upon the Catholic question, and by pointing to his more recently manifested disposition to recede from several other positions which he has held with equal pertinacity. These exceptions to his ordinary principles of action have rendered his political character an enigma to superficial observers, and have furnished some of his foolish friends with topics of further admiration. "With what just discrimination," say they, "has he marked, and yielded to, the power of the popular will!" They talk this sheer nonsense of a man who saw in forty county meetings nothing but a succession of farces, and who, if two hundred thousand men had been in arms at Hounslow, would have seen no other necessity than that of shooting the Tower guns, and ordering out the troops. Those who read the Duke's character aright will find the whole of his conduct perfectly consistent with that character.

The same hard habit of rule which prompts him to exact obedience compels him to obey. Where he has commanded absolutely he has exercised his own power as Minister ; where he has yielded he has acted in implicit obedience to the command of his sovereign. " I have eaten the King's bread " is a phrase often in his mouth ; and it bears in his mind the same latitude of meaning as it does in that of a Persian slave. When George the Fourth, frightened by the din he heard around him, ordered the Duke to emancipate the Catholics, he obeyed him without a murmur. When William the Fourth ordered him to take the reins of government, and to pass a Reform Bill thrice more extensive than those he had always denounced, he obeyed at once. If he did not accomplish his task it was not his fault—he was ready to head the enterprise ; and not until Peel and all his party shrunk in terror from his side, and there was not one left to stand by him, did he reluctantly return with his commission unaccomplished. Now, again, when his Sovereign is one who inclines to govern the hearts of her subjects, Wellington, although he cannot understand the principle, and thinks it very wrong, is nevertheless ready to obey *her*. He will be a party to no factious opposition to the government of *his Queen*. But let the Queen change her mind and her disposition, and he would serve her, although not more faithfully, with much more good will. He would head with hot zeal a gallop over all the ground that the people have won, and plant the standard of Toryism

with right real joy upon the ruin of our popular government—or he would gladly die in the attempt.*

Such is my estimate of the character of the Duke of Wellington—a character which neither friends nor enemies appear to have rightly understood. It is fortunate for his country that he feels the obligation of obedience which he exacts. A superficial booby, in the *Standard*, once accused him of aiming at the throne; he might as well have accused a Mahometan of an intention to raze the prophet's tomb. But, had the Duke not been restrained by such a reverence—he is a hard, bold man, by habit reckless of human life, and little tormented with merciful scruples—he would have had a fierce and desperate faction to back him, and things which only appear absurdly wild because they are contrary to our experience (although they were familiar to that of our ancestors) might have come to pass in our day. I say devoutly, “God defend this country from the Duke of Wellington armed with the confidence of a Tory Sovereign.” Whenever this shall occur, the end of all things is drawing near.

* While this is passing through the press an event has occurred which induces me very much to modify my opinion of the Duke's loyalty. The Duke appears to think a different measure of submission and reverence due to the sovereign who puts implicit confidence in him and to the sovereign who would rather confide in the advice of others.

EARL GREY.

“I stand before your lordships the advocate of principles from which I have never swerved.”—*Grey's speech on introducing the Reform Bill.*

THIS is a great man—let us do him homage.

As I am sketching the public men of the present day, and not those of the last century, I shall not, in depicting the person of Earl Grey, recur to the time when the Hon. Charles Grey, with a form of youth and energy, and with an earnestness of action which sometimes shook the powder in little clouds from his well-curved wig, startled the House of Commons by his denunciation of abuses, and his demands of extensive, and, as his auditors thought, mad, reforms. Very few indeed would recognise in the portrait I should then present the nobleman whom they remember as the recent Minister of this country.

Earl Grey, as he appeared in the House of Lords during his official career, is a tall man, of a spare and slender form, with small, but regular and pleasing features, a lofty forehead, and silvery hair. He is now in his seventy-fourth year. This description may give an idea of the person of the man, but it conveys no true picture, unless we add the air of lofty dignity which sits upon the ample brow, the character of high resolve and self-possession which dwells around the lips, the talent which sparkles in the eye, and the evident consciousness of a reputation hardly earned, and well sustained, a

character unspotted, and honour unbreathed upon, which mingle to form an aspect which men feel spontaneously inclined to reverence, and which designate a statesman whose name and deeds belong to posterity.

Those who have seen Earl Grey in the days of his glory, in his pride of place, will readily fill up the outline I have sketched, and recognise in it, when thus completed, a portrait at once of the person and the character of this eminent statesman and honourable man.

As a speaker, Grey was in his youth rapid, energetic, and eloquent ; emulating Charles Fox in the boldness with which he propounded principles that tingled in the ears of those who heard them, and not unfrequently approaching that Demosthenic orator in the vigorous language in which he couched them. In his old age he was mild, argumentative, and calm, but pregnant with solid and serious sense. The eloquence of his later days was different in character, not deteriorated in quality, from what it was *calidus juvenis Consule Plauco*,

“In his hot youth, when George the Third was King ;”

but, like old wine mellowed by age, having lost much of its fire, but none of its goodness.

In the years which immediately preceded the close of his political life, when he arose to address the House of Lords, his voice was so low that he could scarcely be heard ; as he advanced he warmed in some measure with his subject, and became dis-

tinctly audible ; but he still spoke deliberately and quietly, like a man who, knowing that every word he said would be treasured as of high authority, and must be of mighty import either for good or evil, kept careful watch over his utterance, and examined well his thoughts before he suffered them to go forth. His action was neither oratorical nor graceful ; he sometimes placed both his hands behind him, and continued to preserve that ungainly attitude during the whole of his speech ; his more common position was perhaps still less advantageous for rhetorical effect. I have seen him stand in the House of Lords for considerable periods, and during the continuance of long harangues, his left arm placed behind his back, under the tails of his coat, and his right gently raised up and down. Thus he would remain without any alteration of attitude until he had completed all he wished to say ; his eye fixed upon vacancy, his whole mind apparently engrossed by the subject of his speech, and himself unconscious of anything that might be passing around him. I have envied him often this power of concentration of thought and insensibility to surrounding circumstances—it is of the very essence of real oratory.

In the House, Grey, when he was not speaking, sat secluded and alone. His was not a mind to entertain the thought of change of purpose during the progress of a debate, or to tolerate the sudden suggestions of his colleagues in the moment of action. Whatever he proposed there he had well

deliberated, and closely discussed before-hand ; a determination which he had once formed no earthly power could shake. He was well accustomed to defeat ; he had never been known to change. I never saw him engaged in an earnest or prolonged conversation in the House ; his colleagues addressed him but seldom, and his answers were always short, and made as though he felt a restrained impatience of the interruption. He was thus a close listener and an accurate observer ; he never mistook what another said, nor forgot what he had said himself. Grey was the last man in the world whom a flippant man would choose to attack ; a man upon whom it appeared impossible to play off any of the common tricks of intentional misconception. Such a thing as Croker would have been crushed at once by one glance of his severe contempt.

Grey belongs to a class of statesmen who are rare indeed in number, and are not always the favourites of fame. In glancing down the pages of our history we do indeed remark, at long intervals, some upright old man, who stands like a Druidical oak, the survivor of a hundred changes which have worked upon every thing around. It is all unchanged except that it has put forth its roots more widely, and has strengthened itself more immovably upon the spot where it originally grew. The saplings which bent to the storm, that rent away its branches, grew, flourished, and died ; it remains a time-mark of days before they were, a venerable tree, whose branches were often stripped, but whose trunk was

never shaken. These trees are rare, and so are the statesmen which I have described it to typify : men upon whom party changes, and the call of multitudes, and the praise or blame of fellow-men produced no discernible effect ; who, with the slight modification which age *must* always cause, are found acting at the last moment of their career precisely as they acted at the hour of their commencement ; and who, throughout the whole series of actions of an extended life, can never be found to have deviated one step from the path in which they originally set out.

These men cannot but command our respect—nay, we cannot but accord to them our reverence. But I do not think them well qualified to be Ministers ; and when I place Grey among them, I propose him rather as an object of deep respect than of high admiration.

Charles Grey was born the heir to immense estates, and of an ancient and illustrious family, but he was of a branch not then ennobled. He entered the House of Commons as a representative of the County of Northumberland, in 1786, soon after he had attained his majority. He made his first essay as a speaker very early ; his maiden speech was upon the subject of the then recent French treaty, and he was highly complimented by Fox for the ability he displayed. The impression he had made by his first attempt was never weakened ; he continued to speak upon all important topics, espoused generally the principles of Fox and the Whigs, but

threw all his mind and energy into the cause of Parliamentary reform. Major Cartwright was then the man who chiefly kept the cause of reform alive, although he perhaps terrified a great number of reasonable men from joining him by his intractable dogmatism upon the subject of universal suffrage. Him however Grey joined, and became a member of his "Society for Constitutional Information," a society established upon a basis of a liberal profession of principles, which should include all reforms, and to give his name to which Grey was the first of the Whigs of property or influence.

It was at that time an act of no small boldness in a gentleman to join a political club ; institutions which were then execrated by nine-tenths of the nation, and which generally deserved all the opprobrium they suffered. Grey was vehemently attacked in Parliament for the countenance he had afforded to one of these engines of sedition ; and it was not thought improbable, either by his friends or his enemies, that he might be placed by Pitt at the bar of a Court of Justice. He replied to his accusers in no apologetic tone. He vindicated the character and the objects of the society to which he belonged, and declared himself ready to justify all that it had done ; he denied that it participated in any of the wild schemes of the revolutionary democrats ; and he showed that, although Cartwright was its founder, the society was not collectively committed to the false and chimerical principle of universal suffrage. " But," said Grey, " rather

than have no reform at all, I would choose universal suffrage as a much less evil."

The first deliberate expression of Grey's opinions upon the subject of Parliamentary reform occurred in the session of 1793, when he placed upon the table of the House a petition, the prayer of which had been drawn up by himself, and agreed to by the great body of the Whigs. It is curious to observe how precisely the prayer of the petition shadows forth the bill of 1832. It called upon the House to remove the evils arising from the unequal manner in which different parts of the kingdom participated in the representation; to correct the partial distribution of the elective franchise; to regulate the right of voting upon an uniform and equitable principle; and, finally, which is the only point of variance, to shorten the duration of Parliaments. Grey shared the labours of this debate with Fox, Sheridan, Courtenay, and Whitbread, and the discussion was protracted through two nights; but, upon the division, it appeared that he had only 43 members to support him in the House. This would have caused many men to despair, it only impelled Grey to renewed exertions. He was now looked upon by the people as the chosen champion of Parliamentary reform, the man who had made the question his own, and who was in earnest in its prosecution. It had long become a settled conviction in the public mind that Fox and Sheridan were not in earnest upon this subject.

In 1795, when Pitt had suspended the Habeas

Corpus Act, and was binding the country down by his Seditious Meetings Bill and his Treasonable Practices Bill, Grey, in a debate upon the latter, sprang from his seat, and asserted to a crowded House, that "if those bills passed, the people should only be induced to refrain from resistance so long as resistance was imprudent." A bold and daring recurrence to the first principles of our Constitution, which was immediately repeated by Fox, and which was echoed from hill to hill, from Lands-end to the Tweed.

It is not my intention to trace Grey through all the circumstances of his political life ; my object is rather to point out the scrupulous and exact coincidence between the sentiments which he expressed forty-five years ago in the House of Commons, when he was only one among a forlorn and powerless band, and those which he expressed so recently in the House of Lords, when he was at the head of the councils of the nation, had the Commons and the people unanimous and tumultuous in his favour, and his frightened fellow-peers couched before him like whipped curs. I own that I can discern no iota of difference between his speeches in these different situations and in these two different centuries.

Pass we from 1793, therefore, to 1830. Grey is upon his legs in the House of Lords. It is the first night of the session, and the recent French revolution is the topic of conversation. Take down the volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and read the speech of 93, and now listen to what he says in 30.

"We see the hurricane approaching—we may trace presages of the storm on the verge of the horizon. What course ought we to adopt? We should put our house in order—we should secure our doors against the tempest. How? By securing ourselves of the affections of our subjects—by removing grievances—by affording redress; by—may I venture to use the word?—the adoption of measures of temperate reform. I know not whether we can expect that Ministers will undertake such measures; but of this I am satisfied, that if they do not make up their minds to the course indicated, in time, it will be ultimately forced upon them, and reform will be carried under circumstances much less safe and advantageous than now present themselves. I have been a reformer all my life; and I will add that never—in my younger days, when I might be supposed to have entertained projects wilder or more extensive than maturer years and increased experience would sanction—never would I have pressed reform further than I would do now, were the opportunity afforded."

We all know that the opportunity *was* afforded, and that it was seized. The reform which Grey proposed and carried was that which he had advocated all his life—none other. To that principle alone was Grey committed; this was all he deemed necessary for the renovation of the state. They talk folly, therefore, who rail at Earl Grey because he showed no eagerness to push forward to further reforms; they may as justly vituperate Sir Robert Peel for the same reason. Grey never intended to *destroy* the power of the aristocracy; his object was never more than to weaken it so much that it might be a check, and not a tyrant, to the popular power. He wished to restore the balance of influence, and to recur to the Utopian theory of our constitution of

a harmonious mass formed from the mixture of repugnant elements. He thought, and he rightly thought, that, under Pitt, the power of the executive was so great and dangerous that it was to be feared more than any possible excess in the opposite direction. He attacked it with hot enthusiasm—was the most strenuous in attempting to make a breach in its ramparts ; but, if this had been accomplished, would also have been the first to prevent a sack of the royal fortress.

A man of strong determination, he kept for fifty years steady in pursuit of the same object, holding it always in sight ; surmounting with patience and intrepidity every obstacle ; never stooping to treat with an enemy, but winning every step in advance by a manly, open, and fearless fight. Had those who have succeeded to his power inherited his boldness and determination, their station would now be far different from that it is. Had Grey proposed it to himself, as his object, to purify *all* our institutions, he would have accomplished it. The man who could lay the whole bench of bishops, when they rose against him, with a short injunction to put their houses in order—who could wrest from a reluctant king the full power to modify as he pleased by creations one branch of the legislature—and who stood at the door of that House commanding them to do his bidding, or receive from his hands an addition to their numbers so great that the distinction of an English peer would be in future about as great as that of an Italian Count—the man, I say, who

could, in forcing the achievement of his object act thus, was capable of bringing any other possible event to pass which he might fully resolve and steadily pursue.

As the great architect of our present constitution, Grey must be ever enrolled among the benefactors of his country. I would not, however, again see him her Minister. He is one of those men who, possessing a high order of mind, are fit only for extraordinary occasions. He was formed to design and execute one mighty work ; he is not fit for common duties and for ordinary uses. Like all such men, he is imperious—not in manner, but in mind ; self-confiding, and unyielding ; he adopts a principle once, and it is ever after a point of honour from which no ideas of expediency or consequences can induce him to deviate for a moment. These are men who should be absolute monarchs ; if we could secure a race of them, absolute monarchy would be the best of governments. They would make benignant and exemplary Autocrats ; they are not fit to be the Ministers of a free people. They can readily see, and feel indignant as they see, others wronged by others ; but they cannot see how, while they are striving to right them, they can be doing wrong themselves.

Grey is blameless, both in public and in private life, as far as conscientious rectitude can preserve a man from blame. His character is like those figures of animals which are cut in various parts of the country upon the sides of chalk hills. While you

stand upon the spot, you may doubt whether there is any design in the excavation, remove to a distance and the resemblance is plain. Many can sketch for themselves a fair character which will be admired by their immediate neighbours. Grey has carved out a colossal resemblance which will be best seen from afar. He is now dead to a political life—may he still long enjoy his healthy old age and the tranquillity he loves so well.

LORD LYN DHURST.

“Risum teneatis, amici?”

THE man who sits down to write about Lord Lyndhurst in any other than a jocular spirit must be absolutely impregnable to the ludicrous. He must be a matter-of-fact sort of person who holds H. B.'s caricatures to the light to see whether the paper is good, and who buttons up his breeches pocket when he hears of a punster: he must be a perpetrator of prosiness; a wet blanket upon Joe Miller; in fact, a man fit to write leaders for the *Chronicle*, or Irish murders for the *Standard*. And yet the man's appearance is grave enough; there is nothing in his lordship's face to excite the risible propensities. He is rather a tall man, with an aquiline nose, a quick eye, and a clever wig, the last being especially so constructed as to prevent his glass from reminding him that he is sixty years old. He has a bland and winning expression of countenance. On the bench he is mild and gentlemanly, and in many things the antipodes of his successor in the Court of Exchequer. He is also, to all appearance, the most candid and moderate of mankind. He throws out the popular

bills of the session with a smile that a bee might turn into a honeycomb ; and he calls his dear friend, Lord Brougham, everything but a gentleman with a *manner* that makes you imagine, if you are below the bar, that he is entreating him to go home and sup with him.

Well, what is there ludicrous in all this ? Nothing at all. But this is his appearance. You must apply your eye to the kaleidoscope of his career to discover the impossibility of writing biography about him. Talent he has in abundance—given him, as Lord Melbourne very properly conjectures, by God ; industry he also has—exerted, as the same nobleman asserts with equal confidence, under the patronage of the Devil. Principle—that is political principle, for as to private principle, it is out of my province—political principle, then, he either never had, or turned it adrift very early, as too expensive for an adventurer ; for foolish notions of Utopian morality he ever professed a very proper contempt ; consistency in his idea was that sheer thick-headedness which could not understand the only argument by which a politician ought ever to be convinced. Patriotism was—but no, he never could give a definition of that.

Imagine such a man tossed up and down, and thoroughly shaken among the elements of the last two dozen administrations—imagine him now chopping thoroughly round, now sideling gently a little back, now bolting like a singed rat from a burning house, now crawling gently back again when the fire

was put out ; imagine his shifts, his contrivances, his private laughs over his public speeches, and say whether you can help laughing with him. Imagine, moreover, a man who knew him in his youth, and who, retaining their then common radicalism, has risen no higher in estimation than to be thought a clever old scribbler, sitting down to remember how Copley started off, pitching out a bag of ballast whenever he got into a cloud, until, at last, he and the gas were clean out of sight, and nothing but the sand remained in the region he had started from. Imagine that, and you will feel why I laugh, and why I should be a fool if I fell to grave talk about abuse of talents, political inconsistency, and such like crudities.

Every one knows that Lyndhurst is by birth an American, and every body knows, also, that his father was the clever painter of the death of Chatham. Few people either are ignorant that young Copley came from Cambridge, a furious admirer of the new order of things in his native country, a great admirer of Presidents, and an especial hater of bishops and of kings. Copley was an invaluable fellow upon his circuit : first, because he was a pleasant fellow, and universally liked ; secondly, because a red-hot republican was a God-send to a set of men whose uniform Toryism was getting cold for want of friction ; and, thirdly, because he made the most wretched, and, consequently, the most laughable, puns of any man on the circuit.

In a little while bang came the French revolution.

Copley was in the seventh heaven, blown out with exultation, and stuffed with puns. He was delighted to hear that Louis was sent to the Temple, and hoped he would soon be called to the bar, and he nearly choked Mr. John Scott with doubt and horror at a dinner (I forget whether on circuit or not) at which lawyers were congregated. "There must be something dreadfully diseased in the condition of French Society," remarked Scott. "There must, indeed," replied Copley, "and I shall never have hopes of its health until it gives over aching." Scott turned round and stared stupidly at his neighbour, with a piece of beef in his mouth, for he could make nothing of his answer, and, when he saw Copley's eyes twinkling, turned as usual to Erskine for explanation. "Bah! bah! he means until it gives over a *King*; worse than ever, boy, try again:" and Erskine went on to say what an eloquent speaker every body thought him—Erskine—and how many briefs he had; while Scott's face grew collapsed with horror, his piece of beef stuck in his throat, and one eye seemed to scream treason and the other blasphemy.

Those were glorious days for Copley—petted by all the big-wigs, lots of fun, plenty of Toryism to battle with, and nothing else to do. So he rattled on until the elder Watson, forgetting the advice of Dante's Virgil,

"When will and power are one, at once obey,"

(or something to that effect,) required professional assistance to guide him clear of the Old Bailey.

Then Copley was a patriot : witness the placards all over London, Birmingham, and Manchester, celebrating his triumph : witness his glorification of the Habeas Corpus act, his denunciation of Pitt's trials of 1793, his Philippic upon all who denied the right of meeting and petitioning :—are not these things written in the books of the state trials, volume thirty-two, page five hundred, and a great many following ? What numbers of Radical briefs poured down upon the learned sergeant ; how vehemently was his health drunk at Radical gatherings ; how lucrative grew his practice, and how well appreciated became his legal profundity ! Hurrah, cried Copley, I am now worth buying—the balloon is rising.

Higher, however, Radicalism could not carry him ; and while we were observing his career with admiring emulation, down came the sand-bags of liberality, toleration, and patriotism, all at a shock, and away went our aeronaut, shooting gaily through clouds of obloquy into the upper atmosphere of parliament. Oh, how thoroughly had Lord Liverpool converted the Jacobinical John Copley ! how well he now wore the Tory domino over his harlequin suit ; no longer was he a musquito to Eldon, or a spurred game-cock to Abbot. Honest extravagance may laugh, but your impostor must bear him gravely. Great was now his veneration for the Church, mighty his reverence for the clergy, thrilling his rapt enthusiasm for our ancient institutions. Oh, how he revered the Gothic fabric of our constitution ! how he hated the sacrilegious hand that would endanger one stone.

—yea, even as the bat loves the ruin it has made its home; even as it hates the hand that would pluck away the weed which moulders the building, but hides its lurking place. How fierce was his onslaught upon the suppliant Catholics! Verily, he had his reward. He dashed boldly from one side to the other:—half measures open no road to fortune, and he is never without a road to retreat who is reckless of public shame. He was satisfied when all hated him as the prosecutor of the Queen, for he knew he had deserved advancement. It came—Copley was Master of the Rolls—upon the bench, a just and profound lawyer—in parliament, a furious Protestant fanatic, but, having too much sense for the part he played, obliged to borrow his ravings from Philpotts—at home, a gay, refined, and thoughtless Epicurean! Such were the characters he now daily shuffled on and off.

But things could not always run thus smoothly; unpleasantness must sometimes occur; and one night Sir John Copley found himself in the grasp of a giant, who held him aloft in his mighty fist until the spectators shrieked with laughter at his grotesque writhings and impotent efforts at escape. Poor Canning! thou art passed away, and these little dexterous things thou wert so wont to despise strut fearless in thy place; yet few of them there are who do not bear about with them some scar as a memorial of thy prowess, and Lyndhurst is certainly not without his. Soundly did you castigate him, and for forty-eight hours was the victim sulky;

but Copley was a man of forgiving disposition, and when he found you were to be minister he meekly kissed the rod, and, "non obstante Philpotto," tendered his allegiance.

While bigotry was gas to his balloon, Copley adored it; but the political atmosphere suddenly became changed: Wellington came in with his Emancipation Bill. Hurrah for Emancipation! cried Copley, bounding at once from the Rolls to the Woolsack. Matter-of-fact sort of people stared, foolish people scolded, wise men laughed. How serene was his smile, how jauntily did he tap his toe upon the floor, while the fools harangued about apostacy, speech-recanting, Protestant Master of the Rolls, Catholic Lord Chancellor, and such like trash. The silly people forgot that their poison bore its own antidote; and how delicious must be those sentences which must be wound up with "the learned Lord"—that was exquisite music to John Copley's son,—mingle with it what discord you may, good people.

The altitude was gained—the new baron was a thoroughly successful adventurer—nothing more. Remember that, ye haughty peers who attend his nod in public, and void your rheum upon his name in private. Since that time, his efforts have been all directed to keeping himself in office, or to get himself back. He is an able, and strictly a practical, man. He loves office, for he loves money;—money to support his dignity, and to minister to his pleasures. Like many others of the class he belongs to, he made one miscalculation; he never imagined

that the Whigs could keep office for eight or nine years. He could easily have changed *twice* in nine years, but it might have been dangerous in as many months. He was deceived, and hence his frantic desperation which leaves Peel and his party so far behind. The former wants office, and risks little by rushing at it. The latter is equally anxious, and would be equally bold *were he less rich*.

A curious phenomenon appeared in the Court of Chancery soon after Lyndhurst took his seat there. Some of my readers, probably, knew Sergeant Rough—if they did they knew a very excellent man; but I believe they would never have expected to see him in the Court of Chancery. There, however, he appeared soon after Lyndhurst took his seat, and there he continued day after day, looking upon the new Chancellor with a silently reproachful aspect like that of Banquo's Ghost. What could this mean? the wiglings around were astonished without measure, and, I believe, a deputation was at last sent to ask the awful visitant what it was that had brought him within the lethargic influence of the Equity side of Westminster Hall.

Whether the Sergeant himself told, I cannot say, but some one, at last, found out how it was. Rough had once a good practice on the Midland Circuit, and Copley, then but a beginner, was his intimate friend. Unluckily for himself, he pressed Copley to join the same circuit, gave him briefs to hold, introduced him to notice; and, in return for this, Copley completely cut him out—not unfairly nor wilfully, of

course, but such was the consequence. In consideration of this, Copley had promised that whenever he got into a situation to *give*, Rough should have the first thing in his gift. He was made Lord Chancellor, and Rough waited a short time and heard nothing of the old promise. He thought he been forgotten, so, doffing his wig and gown, he sat himself thus before his old friend, fixing his eye continually upon him until his memory was altogether restored.

I do not believe that Copley had forgotten him, for his conduct to Bolland proves that he is certainly not ungrateful—he had probably had nothing before to offer him. However, a refresher was a thing required by the practice of their common profession, and Rough's plan was certainly a good one. Lyndhurst took an early occasion of relieving his place of judicature from such an awful visitant, and from the nick name of "The Haunted Court," which it was rapidly getting. I rather think the Sergeant went out to Jamaica.

Lyndhurst is falling into the sear and yellow leaf; he is now, it appears, giving himself up to matrimonial domesticities. He is a clever, an unscrupulous, and a successful adventurer, and will be so until the end of the chapter. While I now write he is slowly relaxing his grasp upon the great seal upon which he had fixed with eager avidity; no one can tell how soon he may have it in his clutch again. Once more I say he is a clever, an unscrupulous, and a successful political adventurer, and will be so to the end of the chapter.

LORD BROUGHAM.

"Quoad humanum genus incolume manserit, quamdiu usus literis honor summæ eloquentiæ pretium erit, quamdiu memoria duraverit, admirabile posteris vigebis ingenium."

If perchance, reader, you should prevail upon some exceedingly condescending peer to write his and your name in conjunction upon a bit of paper, and address it to the door-keeper of the House of Lords, you will doubtless pass the sacred threshold with tremulous tread, and enter the penetralia with nervous awe. Upon arriving at, and projecting your head over, a very substantial barrier, beyond which, like Mahomet's lotus tree, there is no passing, you will see many things to surprise you: a man in a wig, for instance, sitting upon a large crimson cushion, stuffed with wool—a few very ordinary-looking men lounging about on the benches, and talking and laughing as unconcerned as though they had stuffed all their dignity, *pro tem.*, into the wool-sack—not lying at full length, indeed, and snoring like the indecorous commoners, but giving you the idea of a very friendly knot of middle-aged gentlemen, not overburthened with the cares of life.

One man, however, the stranger cannot help remarking. He is one whose face is destitute of all

pretension to beauty of feature, whose mouth gives little promise of eloquence, and whose eyes do not tell us that a great soul is gazing through them ; his forehead is by no means remarkable — rather broad, and firmly knit, but not lofty ; his nose is long, peculiar, and rather upturned ; his upper lip is long, and his mouth is compressed ; his complexion is of a hardy paleness ; his figure is spare and fleshless ; his whole body appears a mere habitation for the soul—a habitation given with the most niggard parsimony, adapted to discharge its necessary functions, and no more. He is not lounging with the loungers. He holds a paper in his hand, at which he now and then casts a rapid glance, as if a thought had suddenly struck him respecting some point on which he wished to make himself sure, and then he relapses again into eager, rather than profound, reflection. There is no quietude in his repose. His eye wanders restlessly from beneath his large eyebrows ; he sits in no attitude of ease : the perpetual workings of the mind are as perceptible in the repose of that body as the beatings of the heart are in the breast of a sleeper. He appears uneasy on his seat—he crosses his legs, and swings himself round with his face to the bar. Now you can see him plainly. There is that strange nervous twitching of the nose, of which every one has heard, and which no one can mistake. Stranger, I need not now tell you that man is BROUGHAM.

That old gentleman in the lawn sleeves, who is upon his legs and speaking—although we cannot at

this distance hear a word he utters—is the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is coming to an end at last. I see by Brougham's restlessness that he has long been impatient, and that he wants to speak himself. Hark! there he is. Now listen to the orator. He commences in a low and measured tone, and the first thing that strikes you is his broad northern dialect; he appears for a moment to hesitate, to doubt whether he did right to get up, and whether he had not better sit down again. He is now stating propositions that few people would think of denying, but which certainly do not appear to have the most remote relation either to the question or to each other. Let us observe him awhile as he proceeds. Mark his long and parenthetical sentences, yet how clear his enunciation makes them. Now you see what the disjointed, irrelevant, and apparently unconnected propositions with which he commenced meant; they are now the beams of his argument; how adroitly he connects them—how easily he fills in the intervening spaces—how he surprises you by the exquisite appropriateness of the very point you had deemed the most irrelevant; he grows warm as he proceeds, raises his voice, grows more animated in his utterance, carries you on with him—not because he is Lord Brougham,—not because he is a great orator, for that you do not feel,—but because you cannot help it—because you sympathise, not with him, but with his cause. He concludes, and he resumes his seat, but not with any air of complacency, rather as though he was

thoroughly unrelieved, and had that within his breast which yet struggled for a vent.

Is this all? exclaims our stranger. Is this *the* great orator? Where is the play of fancy—where the elegance of language—the epigrammatic phrase—the glowing thoughts—the rich and radiant ideas—the profound thought—the *new* truths? I have heard no proof of the existence of these requisites of oratory. Old truths, put forward in a clear and lustrous point of view—minute and distant particles of knowledge, spread throughout a Cyclopædia, brought in one moment, by a Napoleon-like power, to move in masses upon one point—solid logic, and eccentricity of manner—these appear to me to be the chief merits of your orator. He is a tall man, but no giant.

Wait one moment, most critical stranger; you have seen the lion only in his quiet mood. While you have been criticising, a prosy old nobleman in the further corner has been declaring that Lord Brougham's measure is no better than it ought to be, and that he himself is not much better than his measure. His grace spoke so low that I could not hear one word he said, but I can read it all in Brougham's eye. Another—and another—and another; from all sides of the House, thick and fast, comes raillery at the new proposition. Like most persons who love to inflict torment upon others, Brougham is especially tender himself. That foolish-looking fellow with the curls has absolutely touched him; see, now, how Brougham

looks when he is goaded. Make way, good people, the bull is coming ; chained or loose, right or wrong, he can stand it no longer : with one lashing bound he clears every obstacle, and there he is, with tail erect and head depressed, snorting in the middle of the arena. Now you see Brougham himself : his eyes appear to flash—the gathering of his brows is like the gathering of thunder-clouds—his dark-grey hair appears rigid with the compressed energy of his fury—his arm is raised—his voice is high ! There is the commencement of the storm—the first sentence pushes into the middle of the subject. Hark at that coarse and stunning piece of contemptuous mockery with which he begins. See how the whipster peer, who was lately so flippant, shrinks within himself—how horrified he looks, while his pretty little bit of rhetoric rattles in bits about his ears—with what dreadful interest he appears to hang upon the lips of his castigator, in an agony of expectation as to what the next moment may bring forth. And look at the other peers who sit around : whether Brougham speaks of them as “ his noble friends,” or as “ the noble lords,” they appear marvellously uncomfortable if they find their names in his mouth ; for Brougham is in full tilt—he has sarcasm on his tongue and bile in his heart—he is *talking Greek fire*, and wherever it falls, whether upon friend or foe, it sinks deep and leaves its scar ; he is like an elephant in Indian battle, trampling down every enemy in its path, while the arrows that are winged

from its back scatter wounds among the distant crowds.

Yes—this is, indeed, Henry Brougham. It is his cue to strike, and his scathing bolts fall like the arrows of Apollo among the Grecian host. How he multiplies scorn upon the head of the victim he now has in his grasp. Now he paints him, with dashing skill and strange felicity, lineament after lineament, till it becomes a caricature, half man, half reptile, yet perfect in its exaggeration, unmistakeable in its resemblance; and now, when the image is stamped upon the minds of his auditors, behold the concentration of scorn depicted in his visage as he turns and points his thin, bony finger to the spot where the original cowers. I have witnessed a scene like this often, but I can convey no description of the sensation which it creates. It must be witnessed to be felt; for, to those who are not under its influence, all description must appear exaggerated. It is not admiration, or sympathy, or indignation, but it is *awe*.

Sometimes, however, the noble peers around are not silent under these inflictions. Brougham is assailed with a clamour, long before unwonted in the House of Lords; loud cries of "Order!" vociferated shouts of "Spoke, Spoke!" nearly every one in the House upon his legs, and twenty peers addressing the House together at the top of their voices. Upon these occasions Brougham is very great: he stands as cool and as collected as though the interruptions were merely accidental,

pours a spare phial of venom upon the house collectively, tells his fellow-peers that they are a mob, reminds them that his habits have been formed in the House of Commons, and draws some not very complimentary contrast between the scene then passing before his eyes and the temperate discussions of a Mechanics' Institute. It is a fine sight to see Brougham at these moments, standing alone, with the whole House raging against him. Proud as he appears of his position, he seems to body forth the *tenax propositi vir* of the poet, and, marking his bearing of defiance, you are tempted by your admiration to think—

Si fractus inlabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such is Lord Brougham in the House of Lords. He is little loved, but greatly feared ; his alliance is not courted—nay, it is almost as much deprecated as his enmity, for there is none with whom Brougham could heartily coalesce. His mind is made of different material from those around him. They are men of tact, talent, experience, cleverness ; he is a man of genius—the only man of genius among the public men of his age. Nay, I must except O'Connell, for he is a man of genius, although by no means of *kindred* genius. I should except also some others, but their genius is not developed in the conduct of public affairs. Brougham, however, is a man of high genius. Every thing he touches is tinted with its rays ; every speech he has made,

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much of absurdity as some of them contain, testifies to the genius of the speaker. "His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him." There is not a man in public life who has not, at some period, either in public or in private, bitterly inveighed against Brougham. Yet even his most avowed enemies unwillingly testify in his behalf; for never does he strike a victim of one party, but those of the other party, who were a moment before smarting under some infliction from his tormenting tongue, are loud and triumphant in celebrating the blow, and exult over the writhing object of his satire. The pre-eminence of Brougham is as unanimously admitted as that of Themistocles; every body denies it in his own particular instance—every body proclaims it in that of others.

It would be vain to attempt to give anything like an outline of the life of Brougham in a sketch necessarily so limited in extent as this. He will form a noble subject of biography hereafter. If anything could induce me to wish to be young again, it would be the hope of surviving this man—the hope of mingling my name with his, although but in the humble character of the chronicler of his deeds, and sending them down in some connexion to posterity.

Brougham is, like all men of genius, a man of impulse. He is not an obstinate fool who prides himself upon declaring that what he has once said he has always stuck to, without ever asking himself whether he employed one moment in consideration

before he first spoke : he has varied his opinions often upon many points, but I do not believe that he has ever spoken that which he did not feel. He has not, indeed, like Burdett and other contemptibles, changed in a moment of spleen from one set of principles to another, or discarded, in deference to his injured vanity, all the matured opinions of his former life, but he has been eager in his search after truth ; and he who ever joins cordially in that pursuit must often change or modify his views.

One of Brougham's earliest public manifestoes was made in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in favour of the system of slavery in our colonies. The writer of this sketch then thought with him that the outcry which was raised—that the truths which were then sent forth disguised in the suspicious garb of puritanical sanctity, were the mere mercenary puffs of one class of merchants against another—of the East Indian interest against the West Indian. Both have lived to repent their error, and to acknowledge that, although the motives of *the great body* of the early emancipators were doubtless vile, the cause under which they veiled them was of sterling worth. Brougham's name is now associated with many of the most efficient measures enacted against this atrocious traffic.

But who shall render to Brougham the meed he is entitled to for his achievements in the great cause of education ! This region of fame, the greatest in the world of modern civilization, is his own ; none

can dispute it with him ; the most active labourer in the same cause toils after him in vain, and scarcely comes within sight of the spot where he stands radiant with his trophies. Talk of the early Reformers ! talk of Jebb, Cartwright, Horne Tooke ! Brougham has *reformed* his species ; he has raised the great mass of his countrymen from mere animals to reasoning men ; he has fired the magazine of mind which had slumbered beneath the soil of humanity unknown since the creation. Tooke raised in behalf of Reform a single voice ; Brougham called forth in its behalf the thunder of a national shout. Tooke called upon men to act with him ; Brougham taught them to think for themselves. Tooke was overborne, thrust aside, and nearly crushed ; Brougham was triumphant. Lord John Russell will be spoken of in history, for he has had the tact to put himself forward as the originator of important motions and the introducer of important bills ; the historian will not be able to avoid his name, and the reader must be content to meet it frequently in the level passages of his history ; but Brougham's will appear with startling effect : he will not be one of the crowds of walking lords who pass across the stage and are forgotten ; he will be a character ; one upon whose motives the observer will dwell, and whose actions will form the theme of speculation when the book is laid down. Let him remember that the arena of his deeds is illuminated with the ray of his own genius. The majority of those around him are acting upon a spot over which a cloud of thick darkness will soon fall ;

they may make their grotesque motions and play the fool with impunity — but there is no oblivion for him. His destiny is proud, but his responsibility is terrible.

I am quite aware that Brougham is very open to the same jesting ridicule which I have cast upon many others ; but the subject is very different. That which is amusing and appropriate when applied to a very little man becomes mere bavardage when played off against a very great one. When Grimaldi tumbled through a sky-light, the wisest men among the audience laughed as heartily as the clodpoles above them. When Talma slipped and fell in *Coriolanus*, the only laugh heard in the crowded theatre came from an English fox-hunting squire.

Every man of genius is at times very ridiculous, for he does things differently from other men, and singularity or extravagance is a certain source of ridicule. Until some testimony more worthy than the assertion of the writers in the *Times* be brought forward, I shall continue to disbelieve that Brougham was ever guilty of the mean and paltry trickery they have laid to his charge. But were it proved that he had really travelled from Berkeley-square, post-haste, half-way to Windsor, and then back again, in order to induce the supposition that he had been to visit the King ; that he had really done a hundred other things that the Tories said he did, in order to induce the belief throughout the country that he was powerful in the closet ; were it really proved that he had done all these follies and thrice three hundred more,

they could not overpower Brougham's renown, nor destroy his greatness. What man is there, among all the favourites of Fame, against whom Envy, or even Justice, cannot allege many faults? Alas! for the imperfection of our nature, those who are celebrated for the highest capabilities are frequently disgraced by the meanest acts. Let those who sigh over the crimes of Bacon learn to think little of the dubious stories about Brougham.

One of the greatest errors Brougham ever committed was his war against the *Times*; but the penalty fell upon the party with which he was then connected, not upon himself. By the mere inert power of his own character he escaped unscathed. The bravoës of that principleless print raised with good will the whirlwind that had destroyed so many; but, when the storm had spent its fury, they gnashed their teeth with impotent rage to find that Brougham was uninjured by their malice. Morning after morning, through long columns of abuse, lustrous with fine talent, did they assail him. They might as well have pointed their leading articles against a star. Brougham turned from their assaults in scorn. *He* holds the position he ever did; the influence of the *Times* is gone. It is still a splendid newspaper, and a profitable piece of merchandize, but influence it has none. People—even those whom it supports—laugh at its assertions; and all the Tories of character, when they have anything to communicate through the press, choose the medium of the *Standard*. This is a victory which but one other man could have achieved.

Of all the phenomena which strike us when viewing the life of Henry Brougham, perhaps, the most wonderful is the intensity of his industry. The literary labours of this man, if it were possible that they could be collected, would form a mass that might put to shame the ponderous labours of Origen, or might vie with those of the most voluminous of the fathers whose works found too honourable a fate in warming the baths of Alexandria.

Brougham appears to have watched his moments as misers watch their gold, not one was suffered to escape without performing its office to the uttermost ; every one has left its equivalent in knowledge gained, or in knowledge imparted—in truth vindicated, or in political right asserted. His investigations have extended over the whole region of politics, of jurisprudence, and of science—he could not exhaust all, but he has sunk a deep shaft into each.

It would be presumptuous to speak positively upon the course which Brougham is now pursuing ; he has, happily, entirely recovered those powers of intellect which were for a while impaired by bodily weakness. It will be for future judges to determine whether the use to which he is now putting them does not partake of the imperfections of his nature—whether there is not too discernible a trait of personal pique—whether there is not something of the soreness of disappointed ambition in the virulent philippics which he is now nightly launching against his former colleagues. This, in Brougham, would be unpardonable. He wants not place nor station to

make him great ; the possession of the highest could not add to his fame ; the knowledge that he had striven for such an object with captious impatience would detract from it immensely. He is one of the few men who can afford to devote themselves to their country alone with a certainty of adequate requital. Let me hope that he will never forget that this, and this only, is his true interest.

I should be sorry to see Brougham occupying any post in the Government of this country, save that of Minister of Public Instruction. For that post he, and he alone, is fully and completely pualified.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt ratio reddi potest, et *ideo* rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet."

A STRANGER sitting in or underneath the gallery of the House of Commons, towards the end of some important debate, has his attention recalled by a sudden and strong "sensation" in the house; a universal buzz, a shifting of seats, a general cough and clearing of the throat preparatory to all the members settling down to deep attention, and then a subsequent total silence. He looks around for the reason of these unusual signs; and he observes a portly, well-dressed man, with enormous watch-seals and a glittering gold guard, slowly taking off his hat and making manifest a head of rather red hair. The gentleman is slow and methodical in his movements, for he feels there is no occasion for hurry. There is no chance of any small orator, pregnant with a speech, attempting to seize upon the house and forestal his design. Lord John Russell is preparing to take notes, and the Tories are all getting their throats into proper cheering trim.

Having concluded his preliminary arrangements, the gentleman advances to the table from the floor bench of the Tory side of the house, places his left

hand upon his left hip, raises his right arm, and begins to speak. Slow and measured are his opening sentences, and evidently studied is the regularity of his intonation ; he descants for a short time on matter preparatory to the subject in question, and gradually becomes quicker and quicker in his utterance.

Now he has entered upon his career : if it is upon some threatened innovation that he is speaking, he is become deeply tragic in his language, mien, and gesture. He has the owners of two millions of acres hanging on his lips ; he is painting to them the ruin that awaits them ; the physical certainty of those acres being wrested from them, and their parks and picture galleries being torn away and divided by a rude mob : of the institutions under which they enjoy all their good things being annihilated — of their country being ruined — of themselves being driven forth in exile, or led to deliberate assassination — *if* they give ear to the proposition of the noble lord opposite. The country squires behind him tremble till the buttons tumble off their coats : *they* evidently think him earnest and impassioned. But look at him again ; hark how regularly he strikes that hollow box upon the table ; how well the sound he produces contributes to *illustrate* his speech ; how well he times his blows, that the accompaniment may enhance, and not interrupt, his oratory. And now, having made what he thinks to be a happy hit, observe how he turns his back upon the speaker, and with what a bland

expression he stops and looks upon his party for applause. It comes with an unhappy certainty ; and the deafened stranger wonders, after the recovery of his senses, what people can mean by " a silent member."

Satisfied with the encouragement, and having regained his breath, the orator proceeds : but by this time the stranger, if he has not a considerable landed estate to make him credulous and nervous, has begun to discover that the speaker's passion and alarm are terrible humbug : he sees that every thing is artificial, that all the attitudes, tones, and style of speaking, are systematic ; that every thing has been prepared, except, perhaps, the words, which the speaker's natural fluency supplies him with ; that he lets forth passion by the line, and energy by the plummet ; that he is all the while under a perfect and calm self-control ; that he vomits fire with all the quietness of a conjurer, while his followers betray all the anxiety of the dupes. Having allowed them to sup full of horrors, he probably treats them to a little genteel comedy, and perpetrates a few jokes upon some speaker upon the opposite side ; always excepting Daniel O'Connell, whom of late he carefully eschews. These jokes are seldom very good or very original ; but what joke can fail of telling which has three hundred good trustworthy laughers ready to crow like chanticleer at the slightest intimation that they are so expected to do ?

This lasts for a short time, then the speaker winds up his oration, re-states his arguments, and

these arguments, reader, may all be abridged into the sentence which I have placed at the head of this pencilling. He seems distressed to a degree which is quite pitiable to behold, lest his hearers should believe a hair's breadth too much, or lest he should have placed an iota too much in his own scale. What wonderful candour ! what an honest man ! cries some booby who never dreams that, under this affectation of honesty, the speaker has passed off a pile of base coin, and that half of the uproarious applause, amidst which he is taking his seat, was obtained by these very brass counters.

This, stranger, is Sir Robert Peel—the plausible, the candid Sir Robert—what do you think of him ? Was there anything original, philosophical, *Burklike*, in the speech you have just heard ? Not a syllable ; it had neither brilliancy of conception nor manliness of argument ; but it had tact, very great tact ; and that is so much better than brilliance or logic that had Burke started from his grave to reply to it he would have been coughed back again in ten minutes.

Sir Robert lavishes no *soins* upon agile opera girls, and figures in no amorous confessions of frail Harriets. He has ever been a man of unquestioned propriety ; he throws away no auxiliary to ambition ; and he well knows how much “ respectability ” is worth in England. He was a good boy at college, and fagged hard. He took a double first-class—no very great thing to do, as examinations then went, and what half-a-dozen very mediocre men upon an average do every year, now that the difficulty is trebled ;

but still a very "respectable" achievement for a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, in days when champagne and scarlet coats were the order of the day, and Latin and Greek were voted vulgar. Perhaps it was this early performance which first inspired him with that extraordinary estimation of his own powers, that religious awe of himself, which seems always to absorb him. He appears sometimes quite wrapped in self-contemplation, and, doubtless,

"The more he thinks, the more his wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all he knows."

Brougham, in one of his pamphlets, sneers cruelly at this "his deep and devout veneration for himself, testified, among other things, by reverently dropping the voice upon naming the object of his adoration." No one who has ever heard the right hon. baronet pronounce the pronoun "I" in one of his speeches can fail to feel the full force of this sarcasm.

Peel is one of the weeds thrown up from the populace by the fierce agitation which the expenditure of a thousand millions of money created in our society. George the Third, with his old German notions of long descents and interminable quarterings, could never forget the Peel spinning machines. It is an old story—No less than three of the near relations of Sir Robert have married ladies bearing the Christian name of Jane. I forget what year it was in that the old king was told that — Peel had just married Miss Jane — "Ods bobs !" exclaimed

the royal wag, after congratulating the bridegroom, his pig-tail absolutely wagging with suppressed fun, "ods bobs, Liverpool, how these Peels do stick to their *Jennies*."

Peel himself is accustomed to make a boast of his plebeian descent ; but his boasting is in very bad taste. Had Peel risen from the ranks, and had he stood forward as the champion of the industrious classes whence he sprung, honourable indeed would have been his position, and proudly might he have boasted of his extraction. But Robert Peel—the gentleman commoner of Christchurch—the heir to a baronetcy—the inheritor of a princely fortune—the champion of the landlords—the calumniator of the hives of industry,—what right has he to boast of a lowly extraction, and obliquely to claim the honour of having risen by his own exertions ? He has no such title. With the aristocrats, among whom he has pitched his tent, he bears the stigma of being the parvenu progeny of a trader ; his money alone enables him to maintain his station among them ; from the people he has no claim to sympathy, for his fortune was not acquired by himself, and is used against them. And does he not feel the scorn of his dear friends ? Verily he does, and writhes under it. Not a pauper prince from that *officina principum*, Germany, has a more sincere veneration for the claims of birth than has Sir Robert. Do you ask a proof ? It is written in the history of his country.

In the year 1827, George Canning, who had *really* risen from the mass by the power of his own

splendid genius, was named by the public voice Prime Minister of England. Peel was his friend, his colleague, his political ally. But the aristocracy, although they knew Canning's value as a champion, could not bear that the son of an actress should lift his head in their palaces as an equal. It was decreed that he should be hunted down—so decreed by his friends—and who was chosen the whipper-in of this cannibal chase? Robert Peel. Yes, Robert Peel, at the command of Wellington, to curry favour with his titled patrons, came forward with officious zeal to run down his friend. And how did he justify his treachery? By one of those plausible falsehoods which are nightly so efficacious in the Commons. "He could not hold office under a ministry favourable to the Catholics,"—he, Sir Robert Peel, who had then in his writing-desk the duplicate of the letter written three years before to Lord Liverpool, giving it as his opinion that Catholic emancipation ought to be then carried. *He* could not continue in office under Canning, because Canning held and avowed Peel's own *secret* sentiments. How many honest, although prejudiced, men have since lamented the scene that ensued! How many conscientious Tories now lament that they were induced by this plausible hypocrite to join in the system of constant, incessant, harassing warfare, under which the noble Canning, notwithstanding his gallant defence and his proud defiances, gradually sunk. The man whom Fox, Sheridan, and Grey could not shake was worried

to the grave by Peel and his pack—the Lapland rein-deer escapes the hunters to be stung to death by vermin.

What boots it to dwell on the scene of falsehood which went on—of the pious adjurations against the Catholics that Peel delivered, from the time that he spoke against them and his own convictions, in order to obey his aristocratic patrons, to the time that, in equally implicit obedience to his puppet-pullers, he turned, and voted, and spoke the other way. This tale of disgusting, lick-spittle subserviency relates only to a Peel. Our contempt is not moved to hatred, unless the dying Canning is present to us. We could not afford to lose such a man by such a hand !

Compared with this grand delinquency, all other things relating to Peel sink into insignificance. But, hereafter, if Peel speaks of his public honour, let the hearer think of his *friend* Canning—if he speaks of independence, let him picture the parvenu whipper-in among the titled huntsmen, and Canning at bay—if he exalts his own candour, let him remember his *reason* for separating from Canning—if he states his own conviction, let him remember his letter to Lord Liverpool in favour of the Catholic question—his five subsequent years of oratory against it—and his final speeches in its favour.

This is, in my opinion, the great characteristic feature of Peel's life. I can readily excuse his apostacy upon the Catholic question, or rather his open declaration of his long - concealed conscientious

opinion ; I can smile at the clever facile tact with which he has fought the two last campaigns ; I can accord a modified admiration to the exceeding cleverness with which he has managed to show the Tories that they, without him, are nothing, and the Queen that, when he is forced upon her by circumstances, she must receive him as her absolute master, and obey him implicitly.

So far as present or recent politics are concerned, I have no further quarrel with Peel than I can derive from the annoyance that the dearth of talent among his party should oblige me to put a second-rate man among first class politicians. But, as the whipper-in of the pack that hunted down the noble Canning, I can regard him neither with impartiality nor patience.

LORD MELBOURNE.

By that which lately happened Una saw
That this her knight was feeble and too faint. SPENSER.

READER, here is a man whom, if you have ever passed the corner of Sackville-street, and have ever thrown a curious, inquiring glance in search of "H. B.'s last," you cannot fail to recognise. There is the stout, sturdy form, the plainly-clad and careless-looking figure, and the good-tempered, *laisser-aller* expression of countenance which the prince of living caricaturists loves to depict as the leading characteristics of Lord Melbourne. Look at him attentively. He has the air of a good-tempered, jovial, gentlemanly man; no fool, but hardly a conjurer. He certainly is not the man whom Theophrastus would have chosen to be prime minister. If he have the profundity of thought, the penetration to foresee remote consequences, the ready fertility in expedients to meet sudden contingencies, the mind to map the course of the great vessel of state, and the eloquence to persuade others that that course is the best which could be devised—if he have all these, which are popularly looked upon as the requisites for a prime

minister, nature has certainly not made his face an index to his mind.

Amid all the adverse "Oh! ohs!" and the ironical cheers by which he is assailed from an Opposition which he knows to be a powerful majority, he is as easy, and as comfortable, and as good-tempered as ever. Perfectly courteous to others, it is scarcely possible for others to behave uncourteously to him: they vote against him—they abuse his measures—they talk in terms of great contempt of his policy and his cabinet, but no one, except Lord Brougham, abuses *him*. From friend and foe he alike receives the character of being a highly respectable and strictly honourable man.

This gentlemanly courtesy applies chiefly to the matter of what he is saying, for his manner is by no means tame. He thumps away at the box upon the table with most laudable vigour, as though the exercise would work out that unhappy sentence which is now sticking in his throat and threatening him with suffocation. I remember seeing an amusing incident produced by this vehemence of gesture in which his lordship so frequently indulges. It was in the committee upon the Reform Bill; and Melbourne, who was sitting next to a noble Earl, rose and spoke with great energy against some proposed amendment. According to his usual habit, he took his white hat in his right hand, and, having beat the air with it for a few minutes, he at last, in the delivery of some very important sentence, or some sentence very difficult to enounce, raised him-

self upon tiptoe, and brought the hat to bear with the full force of a muscular arm upon the covered *occiput* of his worthy and revered colleague. The blow was a very fair one ; the hats met, crown to crown, without any further apparent injury than that that of the noble Earl seemed to be tightly fixed between his shoulders, and that that great officer of state jumped nimbly upon his legs, and, amid some of the loudest laughter I ever heard, twisted his head out of his hat, and recovered possession of his vision. The roar which this bit of pantomime created entirely destroyed the best part of the speaker's argument, and the gravity of the House was certainly not restored by the Duke of Buckingham remarking that he was afraid the noble Earl could hardly see his way clear through this difficulty.

Although Melbourne's voice and delivery are far from pleasing, his speeches, nevertheless, are characterised by strong common sense and by great tact. He speaks like a man who knows the world well, and has studied his audience. He never commits the great fault of indifferent speakers—that of inflicting themselves upon the House at great length. Melbourne speaks strictly to the point ; he never strays beyond it—he never loses sight of it for a moment—he is not seduced by that present representative of a race of hereditary extravagants, Earl Stanhope, nor by others, of about the same calibre, who pour forth their vague generalities from each side of the House upon every question—he is seduced by none of these to leave the point material to the

decision. He states the arguments which occur to him as shortly as he can, and just as they arise in his mind ; he usually speaks with great equanimity, with a jocular self-complacency, that nothing can penetrate ; but sometimes, when worried, and teased, and thwarted beyond endurance, even *he* yields to the hopeless rigour of the contest, and, after striving with vain perseverance to hold his way against the tide of a resolved and irresistible majority, *he* loses his temper, and tells his brother peers strange truths, which their ears are all unaccustomed to hear from any one of their own order except Lord Brougham.

He assumes then a threatening and a warning posture ; he tells them, as Earl Grey told the bishops, that if they have resolved to proceed thus, they may set their houses in order, for their doom is sealed—that the time is gone by when any set of men can hope with impunity to settle themselves deliberately as the dam of the national opinion—that the age is not one in which the mere authority of antique usage can prevail against reason and argument, and their consequent—an extensive and widely diffused conviction. He points out to them what must be the consequence of a set of men, who are the mere nominees of the crown, or the accidents of accidents, who have no very evident community of interest with the people, and over whose exercise of legislative junctions the nation at large have no recognised control, setting themselves in direct and continual opposition to the declared wishes of the majority of the House which represents the nation,

and standing forth as the declared only barrier to the accomplishment of all that the country has demanded, struggled for, and declared she will have. He speaks, upon these occasions, as the voice of the Commons, sounding in the place where that voice is little known and seldom heard; he speaks with a consciousness of a power which is mightier than any there, and which has and can still support him in his position of chief minister of the state, although three hundred peers are gnashing their teeth in bitter enmity, and thirsting for the destruction of his party.

The extraordinary part of these exhibitions is that, although he is evidently in earnest in what he says, and his earnestness raises him into passion, and although all who know him must feel convinced that he thoroughly believes that the consequences he predicts must follow the course of action he deprecates, yet his strength of feeling does not afford him facility of expression. On the contrary, the higher he rises in passion, the more he appears to lack words, the more he stutters, the more involved his sentences become; and when he stands forth in the House of Peers to tell his peers that he is backed by a power much stronger than theirs, and that he laughs to scorn their puny efforts to overthrow him, his voice then appears the most inadequate to express the sentiments of his mind; and the manly defiance, which is so greedily read and so universally admired, falls in broken, stammered sentences upon the ears of his audience.

Yet Melbourne, although no orator, can sometimes rise with the occasion ; and gentlemanly as he usually is—confining himself, as he usually does, to the use of polished knightly arms, he can parry the dagger and return the blow, when he finds himself forced to such an encounter. Of all the antagonists of the present day, Brougham is, undoubtedly, the one most to be feared. He has introduced a style of tomahawk fighting into the House of Lords which the dignified occupants of that Elysium of repose have not witnessed for a long time. He has interrupted their graceful holiday exercise of baited foils with blows of earnest conflict, and he has scandalised every occupant of the crimson cushions around him by the vulgar strength with which he strikes. Melbourne appeared an easy victim, and Brougham, unhappily, has the organ of destructiveness very mountainous behind his ear, and cannot resist the temptation to a sacrifice. When he taunted the Premier with having a tongue attuned to courtly airs, and with his ability to gloze and to flatter, he could not have expected a reply. Yet a reply did come, and one so stinging and severe that Brougham winced beneath it in visible agony, and rendered the highest tribute to the ability and power of his opponent by the rage and violence he exhibited in his answer. Great as is the power of Brougham, and bitter as is the feeling which he now evinces towards his quondam colleagues, Melbourne never quails before him ; his sarcasm is usually quiet and polished, but it tells immensely in the Lords. Every one

there is ready to laugh against Brougham ; for the Peers are something like frightened school-boys, exulting in their hearts at a sound threshing given to a big, strong school-fellow, who keeps them all in terror of his fists.

Small as is Melbourne's reputation as a man of business, and much as it is the fashion to speak of him as a man of pleasure, who lounges through his official duties, I believe him to be one of the most steady and the boldest workman of the present weak and timorous cabinet. Russell in his better days knew the policy of showing a bold front occasionally, and he is an excellent tactician ; but he betrayed a strong natural inclination to retreat whenever he safely could. I believe he is honest, yet I think that as far as we can see into the character of a Cabinet Minister, studiously shrouded in mystery as it necessarily is, Melbourne has been the more general advocate of a firm and decided policy. Knowing, from long experience, the character of the Lords, and exposed nightly to all their buffetings, he sees that all conciliation is thrown away upon them—that his political existence as a Minister, if it is to be at all, must be in defiance of them and of their continual hostility. It is said that he held fast by the Appropriation Clause when Lord John wavered. It is known that he was strongly opposed to the decision of the Cabinet which accepted the Tory mutilations of the Municipal Corporations' Bill. Several other instances might be mentioned of the Premier having shown

his determination to abide by the principles upon which his ministry was founded. Against these, we must, however, set his conduct upon the Corn Law question, which has done much damage to his reputation as a reformer. While the deliberations of the Cabinet are carried on under an oath of secrecy, it is, of course, impossible to gain any perfect insight into the opinions of any particular member ; and we must draw our general inferences from public rumour, which usually takes its tone from the testimony of those who gather in private conversation hints which no studied secrecy can prevent from escaping.

It is said that the notions entertained of a rational Reform by the Hon. William Lamb were very different from those now entertained by Lord Melbourne. Nothing is more probable ; and the same is equally true of every leading member of the reform party. Political science has in his day made a much greater advance than it did in the two centuries which preceded his birth. In politics, as in mechanics, things which appeared wild, and visionary, and hopeless fifty years ago are become simple and safe as household duties to the present generation. Many a palsied, timorous old gentleman, who, in the hot days of his fearless youth, would have looked upon the man as mad who would have proposed to him to take his place behind a mysterious, noisy, resistless looking engine, and be whirled away at the rate of forty miles an hour, now pays his thirty shillings, and pulls his night-cap over his

eyes, and commits himself without a fear to the familiar velocity of the Birmingham Railway. It is the same with politics. Principles and powers, once terrible, because imperfectly known, are now safe and useful, because well understood. The man we laugh at is the fool who longs for the good old times of the Margate hoy, not him who has given up his youthful fears, and has compromised his consistency by putting his foot on board a steam-boat. Melbourne has advanced with his age; and we are not to consider his principles, such as they are, less firm because they were formed by degrees, strengthened by experience, and assumed without precipitation.

For a man who in early life cultivated the reputation of an elegant scholar, and rejoiced in the enjoyment of a literary leisure and the society of literary men, Melbourne has less pedantry or affectation than any I ever heard speak. You never hear a quotation escape him which you can suppose was introduced for effect; if it occurs at all it is evident that it fell naturally into its place in the course of his train of thought, and that it came forth spontaneously as an illustration of his argument; because—which is the only real excuse for a quotation—because it expressed the idea he wished to convey more vividly than he could have expressed it in other language. I have frequently listened to him in the House of Lords with admiration that, with the power he is known to possess of interlarding his speeches with all those

fopperies which produce effect, and call down cheers from listless auditors who love to have their ears tickled with classical allusions, he should so thoroughly despise the temptation, and adhere to the practice of saying what he has to say in the fewest and the most simple words in which it can be expressed.

The attacks which have been made upon Melbourne's private character are too public and well known to be avoided without a few words of comment. The world knows that he has twice figured as a defendant in actions of crim. con., and that he has twice been acquitted. Having been present at one of the trials, I can aver that, in my judgment, one verdict at least did him no more than justice. The recent conduct of Norton has been so extraordinary, whichever way we contemplate it, that I could almost absolve both his lady and the Premier from any very great blame had the charge been true. But there is not the slightest ground to believe that it was so. . A fellow was brought out of a cellar in Monmouth-street—a man who, upon his own evidence, was not entitled from his character to a particle of credence; he admitted that he had been taken down to the country, kept there secluded for several weeks, fed, pampered, prepared, and paid, and then brought forward ready to swear in the witness-box to a fact which any well-constituted mind must have revolted from crediting had the evidence been twice stronger, and the chances against perjury a hundred-fold less. A special jury,

composed, as I know, in many instances, of men well inclined to give a verdict which would upset a Reforming Ministry, declared that the charge had not the slightest foundation in fact. The Viscount himself pledged his word of honour as an English peer that both he and the accused lady were guiltless, and I believe him. The whole affair—I do not mean the perjury part of it—bears the characteristic marks of a political intrigue, got up by one who possessed great facilities for the office, and arranged by a most doughty Orangeman of great legal experience. As to Norton, he was no doubt a cats-paw ; although we can estimate the delicacy of his notions of honour, since he tells the world that Lord Melbourne gave him a police magistracy with a view to his wife's dishonour ; and since he, although now a rich man, continues publicly to hold that very magistracy. We wanted not the filthy evidence of the recent advertisements to estimate his conduct. Faugh !

The secret of the whole business I believe to be that Lord Melbourne is an old man without domestic ties to keep him at home, of gentlemanly manners and a well-stored mind—precisely one of those men whose society women delight in ; with whom they can take liberties without danger, and form a familiar friendship without scandal. An agreeable and elegant-mannered old man will always be a favourite with a young woman who is neither a flirt nor a fool, whether her sphere be a cottage or a Court. What a relief, then, must such a friendship and the

conversation of such a man have been to a woman of genius yoked for life to Mr. Norton !

I take my leave of Lord Melbourne with the hope that I shall not have to change the favourable opinion I have formed of him ; with the hope that we may find that the atmosphere of the Court, instead of corrupting his principles, has been purified by them ; with the hope that he will be able to surround himself with those allies of whom he now so much stands in need ; and with the expectation that his strength of mind will prove sufficient to protect him from the dangers which surround his ministry, come they in the guise of sunshine or of thunder.

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THE
MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

"Calvus noster dici oratorem volebat."—CICERO *de claris oratoribus*.
"Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit."—VIRGIL.

HA ! who have we here ? By my halidome, a lion worth looking at. Hear you those horribly-discordant sounds ? they proceed from that little, brown-haired, florid-faced man, who does not look a bit as though he had passed his sixtieth year, although, if the Peerage speaks truly, he certainly has—who is moving his arm rapidly up and down, and moving his body round so perpetually, affording every person in the House his due share of his countenance, and catching twice in every gyration a glimpse of the frightened faces of his friends behind him. Hark ! what a rattling series of Patagonian words he is croaking forth ; words which would be formidable if he could only get them to move in sentences. Listen to his stock of undiluted epithets—“ Popish members of Parliament,” “ perjurers,” “ rebels,” “ destroyers of the monarchy,” “ priest-ridden destructives”—hark ! how they bolt forth, one after another ; they are his only stock of oratory—stop them, and he would be silent—nay, most likely, he would burst.

Bravo ! my little *Bobadil* ! Repeal the Emancipation Bill, eh ? Absolutely necessary to preserve the country—no doubt, since you say so. What, and the Reform Bill too ? Well, and what next ? Encrease the Yeomanry—turn out this disgraceful shadow of a ministry ? Pho ! that is but a trifle. Hold ! my Lord Aberdeen ; pray take your profane hands from the tail of the noble orator's coat ; why tug him so forcibly towards his seat ? desist, I pray of you—it will be a most indecorous scene to see the torn skirt of a nobleman's frock-coat in the hands of a person of your lordship's venerable appearance : and consider how soon the loss will be apparent as the noble speaker continues his gyrations. Bravo ! again I say, little *Bobadil* ; you will not be put down—why should you ? You are saving this unhappy country from perdition—you, alone, can do it—and “ may you live a thousand years ” to do it—for marvellous fun it is to see you. Away ! away ! another volley of red-hot Tory shot ! Never mind the nudges you get from behind, nor the pertinacious tuggings of Lord A. You are, indeed, letting out all your party's secrets—you are saying, indeed, what they secretly wish, but would rather cut their tongues out than avow ; but what have you to do with prudence—what have you to do with the vile arts of concealment ? You know that the glorious truths of real and sterling Toryism are, when fairly exhibited,

“ Of such lovely mien,
That to be loved they need but to be seen.”

Be it your bold and honourable office thus to exhibit them. Let others hide the sword beneath their cloak, and exhibit only the diamond hilt—do you draw forth the blade, and strike us with admiration at the brilliancy of the polished steel. On and prosper, thou valorous apostle. Let not the harsh, discordant croakings of thy voice—let not thine inability to collocate words according to the ordinary custom of mortals, deter thee—pour forth your rude lumps of Tory ore. There is a fellow in the gallery there ready to shape them for thee; and, verily, they shall come forth, moulded into finished form, in to-morrow's *Times*. There is no fear that his perseverance will fail.

Cease your interference, and resign yourself to the infliction, Lord A. There—that serves you right; the eloquent object of your persecution, in trying to extricate himself from your grasp, has thrown back his foot, and the long brass spur, with which his heel is always armed, has entered deep into your calf; you may wince and rub the part, but you deserved the infliction most richly.

Yes; this is, indeed, the mad parrot of the Tories—the most unmanageable of all the Duke of Wellington's fine plumaged aviary. Persons who are fond of parrots should be particularly careful that they do not keep low company, or hear secrets; if they do get a stock of bad language, the little creatures have no discretion, but deal it out in all places, sometimes to the utter confusion of their masters and mistresses. I have seen the time,

Londonderry well upon his legs and in full tilt of words, when I would have backed him against the most noisy macaw that was ever exiled from a drawing-room to chatter in an area. When I have heard him calling hard names in nonsense phrases, and Brougham glowering at him from an opposite corner of the House, often have I called to mind the tale which that very original gentleman, *Joseph Miller*, loved to record—how once upon a time a worthy immigrant from North Britain was passing down the Strand, and heard the unwelcome greeting of “Ha! lousy Scot,” “Ha! lousy Scot,” sounding in his ears; how Sandy turned round in red anger, his right-hand grasping the hilt of his good broadsword, looked eagerly about for his impudent libeller, and saw him, with flapping wings and distended bill, hanging in a wicker cage just above his head; and how he then, as he took his hand from his basket hilt and turned upon his heel, muttered, “Hey! if ye’d been a mon, as ye are a green goose, I wad ha’ slit your wiseen.” Often, I say, have I recurred to this little anecdote, when I have seen Brougham’s ogre-like, eat-little-baby sort of face, turned upon the chattering noble for a moment, and then turned away again, with an expression of strong contempt. The Marquis was, of course, as insensible to the meaning of that look as pretty poll would have been to the danger of the Scot’s broadsword, had it glittered before her eyes; yet, to a mere looker-on who had no interest in the matter, the bearing of Brougham, and the unconscious boldness and con-

tinuant shallow talk of the marquis, was rich in genuine humour.

Yet this man—violent, unmanageable and foolish, as every man admits him to be—has absolutely been entrusted with the national interests of this great country. A man whose intellect hardly extends high enough to put down a public brawl among his own menials, as to the division of their paltry vails, has been sent as the representative of England to settle the balance of Europe. “Why?” the wondering reader who reads these Pencillings, when the Marquis is no more remembered, will ask: “Could he deceive others as to the calibre of his mind? or was England so barren of men of common sense that none could be found more fit?” Neither the one nor the other. No man, who ever passed two hours in the same room with Londonderry, could, unless he were an idiot himself, think him other than that he is; and as to his contemporaries—Canning was one of them, the Marquis of Wellesley was another, and a third, immeasurably superior to him in everything that relates to a knowledge of the foreign relations of this country, might have been found in any one of the beardless *attachés* to our many embassies. No, most innocent reader; his ambassadorial dignities fell upon him in the days of Toryism. He was brother to a Secretary-at-War: you must be little acquainted with the history of those times, if that does not solve the mystery. His brother, the poor suicide, Castlereagh, whose unhappy death in violence and madness, let us hope, atoned for his

misdeeds to his Maker, although it could not to his country—his brother, I say, as Secretary-of-State, had, of course, an absolute right to range his relatives around him in the high places of the State; and had Sir Charles Stuart been as senseless as one of his own brass spurs, he would have an equal right to an appointment as plenipotentiary to the Congress of Vienna, and would have been shipped off with equal promptitude, with the outfit in his pocket, and the honours upon his head. It was his right, and who should seek to deprive him of it?

As to the manner in which Sir Charles discharged the duties of his mission, I must refer the inquisitive reader to writers who are more professedly historical than "Mask" pretends to be. I do, however, happen to remember him upon his arrival in the French metropolis during the second occupation of Paris by the allies. The man then strutted about, the favourite amusement of all Paris. The capital of the "great nation," fruitful as it was of monstrous figures of Cossacks and Caucasians, well-padded Russians, and picturesque barbarians, had nothing to compare with Sir Charles; he looked as though he had borrowed a vestment from each, and strode about in a costume so dazzlingly fine that the troops of grisettes withdrew all their admiration from the monkey-face and brawny shoulders of the grand Duke Constantine, and voted him, with one accord, the most grotesque monster of them all.

When he came to the business part of his mission

the beau was of course a mere shuttlecock, gently tossed about by the wily diplomatists of the other powers precisely as their interests required. The instructions he had from home, and his own lucky obstinacy, fortunately preserved him from any very tremendous absurdities; and, as to the many comparatively minor points in which he was outwitted, some of them were not detected by the Opposition, intent upon other things, and others were passed over with a good bull from Castlereagh, and a hearty shout of laughter from the country gentlemen.

These days were, unhappily, too good to last. That dreadful giant of innovation, the Reform Bill, came. The vulgar herd began to presume to canvass the merits of their betters; and when Sir Robert Peel, upon coming into power, attempted to disembarass his Government of the support of the Marquis by sending him to St. Petersburg, there was a regular storm in the two houses. One member assured the new First Lord of the Treasury that he was quite ready to vote that the hypotheneuse of a triangle was considerably greater than the perpendicular and the base, inasmuch as that was a proposition upon which his constituents might be divided in opinion; but he really could not vote that the Marquis was fit for an ambassador. Another said that a joke was a joke; but, really——. A third intimated that if he pressed *that* to a division he absolutely must have a fit of the gout. Even the very whipper-in begged, with tears in his eyes, to be excused. The Opposition benches presented

four long lines of broad grins. The *Times* growled, the *Chronicle* gave a flat chuckle, the *Globe* simpered, and the *True Sun* hallooed "Murder and 'ouns!" The people at large looked on with the same sort of feeling, half fun and half fury, as they would have felt if Sir Robert had proposed to make Mr. Jim Crow Rice Archbishop of Canterbury.

In this state of things there was no chance whatever of Lord Londonderry going to St. Petersburg, but there was a very clear prospect of Sir Robert Peel's Government being sent to Coventry. A hint to this effect was given to the hot-headed Marquis, and he, being a paragon of liberality, disinterestedness and generosity, immediately resigned all pretensions to the appointment. Sir Robert's Government did not live long enough to inform us what was the *quid pro quo*, but report was busy in asserting that the nobleman who sits in the House of Lords by the title of Earl Vane was speedily to have exchanged an Irish for an English marquise. Some men's heads are absolutely impenetrable. This demonstration has not done Londonderry a bit of good. Probably, it was in order to make his Lordship amends for this untoward disappointment that the House of which he was a member lent themselves to a little manoeuvre that excited the admiration of every pickpocket in London, and converted the whole swell mob into anti-Reformers. Coals, as most of our London readers know, are enormously dear in this city, and a great portion of those same coals come from mines, the property of Lord

Londonderry. From the position of these mines, in reference to the sea, he, and some other proprietors similarly situated, have a monopoly of the market, and can, of course, keep up the commodity to the proper Holderness-house-expenditure price. A certain company of profane individuals, not having the interest of the Marquis at their hearts, nor the fear of him before their eyes, proposed to construct a railroad from Durham to London, which, by bringing coals to London by other means than by colliers, would bring other mines into competition with his lordship's, and would, consequently, enable the good citizens of London to buy fuel at something like a moderate price. Of course, this was an attack upon the vested interests of Lord Londonderry, precisely such an attack as that made by our sacrilegious great-great-great grandfathers, who insisted upon the abolition of the monopolies which, for the good of his people, had been established by that learned monarch, James the First. And what did our Marquis do? He buckled on his armour most manfully; he acted in the very character of the man. He got up in the House of Lords, and, declaring that the bill interfered with his interests, put it to his noble friends whether they would for a moment countenance such a measure? Whether they would put him to the expense of shewing in Committee how it interfered with his interests? He begged them to reject the bill at once, before it had given him any more bother. Their lordships, with true kindred kindliness of feeling, saw at once the weight

of his argument, and threw out the bill, without any further inquiry, *upon the second reading* ! Who will despise a peerage after this ?

Londonderry, like many other stupid men, has a thorough cast-iron bravery. He does not mind being knocked off his horse by a shower of stones, a bit, and nothing so delights him as a good hissing from a mob. As to his books—for the man has put his name in the title-page of books—I shall say nothing about them, for I do not wish to dwell upon the meanness of a man of some little talent who is said to have allowed him to pass off his writing as his own. I hope he got well paid for his polishing and much emendation.

In the House of Lords, the Marquis, when he is not speaking is nearly as great a bore to his friends as when he is. Stareing his dear friends in the face while they are speaking, and cheering all the time as loud as his lungs can clink, is not a mode of proceeding which gives effect to every man's harangue. As to his own style of language, I have luckily stumbled upon a specimen in turning over the leaves of a recent publication. Here it is. Speaking of Canning's Cabinet, he said, "When I look at the building that has been erected, I find it divested of all its main pillars, and it is now composed of a sort of rubbish. The artificer has certainly been dexterous in forming the building, with respect to its durability. Could he have found out such a mass of rubbish in any other quarter, formed as it is by the two parties ? The artificer has made a dexterous

endeavour to un-Whig a part of the Whigs, and un-Tory a part of the Tories." Was ever metaphor so beautifully sustained? The Noble Marquis condescended to explain, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, that, by "the rubbish," he meant the new materials that had been brought into the Cabinet. That sarcastic Mephistophiles, Lord King, was unluckily in the House, and he cruelly suggested that the rubbish is that which is *sent away* from the building. Poor Lord Londonderry! he was a good shovelful of this, and no one denied the application.

One word I must add. The Noble Marquis, as every body knows, has been recently discharging the office of Envoy Extraordinary from the Right Worshipful Society of Orangemen to the Emperor of all the Russias. He has published also an account of his achievements in this character; and he declares that he wrote it all himself—let any one who is uncivil enough to doubt his lordship's word read ten pages of the book—he will soon be satisfied.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

— Mihi, parvus Iulus,
Sit comes.

I know not whether Lord John Russell is at the time I write a first class politician ; for in these days great events take place in very short periods, and he may suddenly have become extinct altogether and for ever—discharged as unserviceable, and turned loose into the House of Peers. Twelve months ago however who could be a more important subject for these sketches than little Lord John, the leader of the House of Commons, and then, alas *only* then, the main stay of the Whigs ?—Who could be more conspicuous as a theme of controversy than the man who at one time headed the impetuous tide of reform, hurrahing on the mighty masses of the unions, and entering the Tory citadel, sword in hand ; and at another, stands himself in the breach he has helped to make, and exerts the whole force of his shoulders to push his brawny followers back ?—who at one moment tosses reform to the people of England, at another, grants a little justice to the people of Ireland, and in a little while after stands forth as the bitter enemy of all reform, the cham-

pion of finality, the advocate of perpetuity to the absolute dominion of the landlords. As the prime mover of all these things, and as the first and leading orator of the House of Commons, how great does he appear upon paper! how little does he seem in the House of Commons, or rather, would he seem, if he were divested of the "hear," "hear," "hear's" in which his supporters drown his stutterings.

There he stands, a little man in a brown coat, drab trousers, and light waistcoat, about forty-five years old, slightly made. To Raumur he appeared, according to Miss Austin's translation, to be "a little man, with a refined and intelligent, though not an imposing, air;" but, according to the malicious version of the Quarterly Reviewer, who has volunteered a translation of the same passage, "a little, sharp, cunning-looking man, with nothing of an imposing presence." I have had the curiosity to consult the ponderous German himself, and find his real opinion of Lord John to be just midway between his two translators.

But let us look again at our little sharp, cunning, intelligent-looking friend. He has taken off his hat, and has risen to speak, and the Babel of conversation, the shuffling, coughing, laughing, and talking, is a little hushed—he commences, and you can just hear that he is speaking—it is an important question he is about to answer, and the House at last becomes silent. Now you hear a weak voice, hammering and stammering at every four or five

sentences, and you wonder how a man without figure, voice, delivery, or fluency, could become the leading orator of the House of Commons. But look over that reporter's notes, and read what he has said. You will find no more eloquence to read than there was to hear, but mark how closely to the point it was—how exactly calculated to the occasion—just enough—not an unnecessary word ; remember how cool and unruffled the little man replied to the abusive attack that called him up ; with what tact he disposed of the motion he made, without one word to the merits, and without a suspicion of excitement.

Lord John has not the personal prowess of an Achilles, but he has the cool head and temperate judgment, which is far more useful in a modern general. He has been a long time climbing to his present altitude, nor would he ever have reached it had he not been supported by the vast influence of his family connexions. The Duke of Bedford is one of the loftiest aristocrats of the most aristocratic faction — for in aristocratic feeling and exclusiveness the Whigs beat the Tories hollow ; therefore Lord John, who was the politician of the family, entered the house with advantages which, if he had any ability at all, could not fail to secure him success. It took Lord John some time to convince himself that he was not possessed of a very high order of talent. He heroically added another to the little crowd of tragedies that have been damned, under the name of Don Carlos ; he wrote a very readable biography of his illustrious

ancestor, Lord William Russell ; and he wrote also a work upon the British Constitution, which only proved that the Whigs of that day had no opinion whatever of their own, and that they stood like a ship with her sails all set, ready to run before any breeze that popular opinion might blow, provided always that it blew them into the port of office.

These works were none of them very successful, and Lord John was probably advised by his publisher to stick to the House of Commons, and make the most of the Russell interest. He did so, and having at length discovered how very mediocre were his powers, he brought industry and perseverance to their aid. The Whigs were now bidding for popularity, and Lord John took up the question of Parliamentary Reform and made it his own ; but he took it up in a little way—not like Pitt, or Grey, or Cartwright, or Tooke—he felt his way along, and nibbled at the net which the boroughmongers had thrown over the Constitution. His sole aim seemed to be to disfranchise Grampound, and to enfranchise one or two large towns. At that time no one was louder than Lord John Russell and George Tierney in denouncing any general plan of Reform, or in cutting jokes upon the ballot. Session after session did he repeat his motion for what he called parliamentary reform, and we can all remember how it was laughed at by the Tories as an annual farce.

The people then did not know their own power, and they thought Lord John a hero even for the little he attempted. But “ a change came o’er the

spirit of their dream," and Lord John had the sagacity to see, and the tact to announce, that change. He carried the Repeal of the Test Act against Wellington's Tory Ministry ; he now had the masses, the swart faces and brawny limbs, at his back ; another rush, and down went the partition which shut out the Catholics. On, on again—hurrah for the French Revolution—and forward—one more effort, cried Lord John, and down toppled the Wellington Cabinet.

Who shall say the people are ungrateful ? They had fought the battle, they left to their leaders the division of the spoil, they confided so strictly in their honour that not a word would they hear against their decision : and right foolishly or dishonestly did Lord John then act. The huntsman gives the offal to his dog, and retains the game himself. Lord John did worse ; he gave the offal to his sturdy followers, and divided all that was worth having among the chaw-bacons, the squires, and the landlords—the very people whose brute ignorance and illiterate assumption had made them his most violent enemies.

The people did not in their enthusiasm see this then ; they have since become painfully convinced of it. Lord John also has seen it, but sorry I am to say that he has not had the moral courage to admit his error. He feels as acutely as any man that he stands in a House of Commons where there is no shadow of hope for any other interests but those of the landholder, and where those interests

are recklessly pursued to the destruction of every other. Yet he has never had the courage to state what must have long been his conviction—that there must be a decisive step onwards, and that the Constitution must at last settle down upon household suffrage, vote by ballot, and triennial parliaments. He has not the courage to embark upon a contest which must be as violent, and probably as enduring, as that which preceded the gaining of Reform, and which always demanded, as a sacrifice preliminary to its commencement, the breaking up of the existing Government, and the re-construction of the Whig party. Russell takes his stand, therefore, upon the finality of his bill; and he will do so, until the popular cry shall become so universal, and success so probable, that he will see reason to surrender his position, and guide again the movement which he cannot prevent—or, what, at this moment, appears more probable, until he shall be passed by, and until bolder men shall efface his memory from men's minds.

As to Lord John's present declarations, they do not stagger me. They are made for the present time, and they are applied to the present aspect of affairs—just as his declarations against radical reforms were some seventeen years ago. To advance with the spirit of the age has always been his avowed creed. He has always advanced when he felt that the popular sentiment was with him, and, if he continues to be a politician, he will again; for he is the dupe of no stupid prejudice—he is

neither passionate nor spiteful. I have hope of him, also, because he cannot be unconscious of his own individual insignificance; because he cannot imagine that he is any thing but what his followers have made him; because he cannot look around without seeing a hundred liberal men, each more able than himself, who might supply his defection. I have hopes of Lord John because I believe him honest, and because I know that dishonesty would be, to him, political extinction.

I do not mean that Lord John Russell is ever at all likely to fawn to and flatter every knot of impudent mechanics who meet in a pot-house and constitute themselves the representatives of the working classes. I have no hope that he will take every idle cotton-coated brawler by the hand, and do his command. Even when he was bidding his utmost for popularity he did not do this. Admirably conceived, and in true tact, was his answer to two or three compositors upon the unstamped trash, who, upon the accession of the Queen, wanted to make her a holiday show, and to sport their ragged kickseys in the presence-chamber. These men should remember that, though political rights are common to all, political *importance* is only due to education or to wealth. Both require toil and perseverance, and the latter is always open to men with a little talent and a little industry. Lord John told these indignant operatives that there could be no possible objection to their paying a visit to the Queen, they being

previously clad in court costume—and the silver spoons locked up, he would have added, had he dared. Great, immediately, was the horror of Daniel Wittol Harvey and his friends of the "*True Sun*," (now extinct,) who, having to write down to the cheap coffee-shops, where alone that periodical found favour, talked in magniloquent leading articles about the manly frames of the Cleave gang being monkeyfied in court dresses. No, no; this is not the proper homage to the people—measures, general measures, which shall enable each man to exercise honestly and quietly his natural rights, are what the nation want. Give them the ballot and a liberal suffrage, and treat with contempt every fellow who attempts to invest himself with the name of the people to swindle himself out of his own sphere. These impostors do the popular cause more injury than a hundred aristocrats.

The worst thing which has yet appeared connected with Lord John's name is his last letter to his constituents. It appears to me to be a declaration of disgust for office and a blow at parting dealt against his old friends and his old principles. It would not be difficult to answer all his arguments out of his own mouth; but, if a man has changed his mind, it is of very little use to shew him what his mind was before he changed it.

Whether Lord John will continue to hold his station as a politician will depend upon whether he goes up to the House of Lords or not—a fact, which will, in all probability, be determined before these sheets are in the hands of the reader. If he does,

he will sink into an ordinary obstructive. If he remains in the Commons, this finality slough will be rubbed off from him. Shame will, I think, prevent his following the example of Stanley and Burdett; and, if he stays among the liberals at all, the course of events will bear him onwards as it did before.

The letter to the electors of Stroud, and a scheme of Household Suffrage and the Ballot, are not a whit more unlike than were the Essays on the British Constitution and the Reform Bill of 1830.

One word more to Lord John. I remember that in the last debate upon the repeal of the Test Act Bill, in a speech worthy of a philosopher as well as a statesman, he warned the iron-visaged old duke to note the signs of the hour. The duke profited for a time by the advice, and he kept his power—he forgot the lesson, and he lost it. Let Lord John receive the advice he then gave. Never did the index of the popular mind point so unequivocally in favour of the Dissenters as it now points in favour of further parliamentary reforms. The country calls aloud for them wherever its voice can be heard; the Radicals in parliament support them to a man. Not a single liberal member opposes them who is not either constrained to do so by his connexion with the government, or so lukewarm in his principles that you may as well reckon him at once among the Tories.

Put no faith, Lord John, in the Canadian question—put no faith either in the Chartist rioting; rather draw from these things the experience, that as the

great body of Englishmen know when to stop, so will they be steady and determined in a well-considered advance. It needs no ghost to tell you that neither the Canadian rebellion nor the people's charter is approved by the popular judgment. You know—you well know, for your speech at Stroud declares it, that the Ballot, at least, is thus approved. You dared not to appear upon the hustings without prevaricating upon this question; if you appear there again you will not dare to prevaricate. Ponder it well, Lord John—it is the hour that makes you or undoes you. I wish you well, for I think I see in you the materials for a leader fitted for the age; but, if you still would lead, your cry must be Forward. You have no other hope, no other resource. You have no commanding powers of mind, no eloquence, to stem the torrent; throw yourself upon its foremost billow then, as you did when the Reform storm raged, and you may yet make a name which shall force men hereafter to speak of Lord *John*, as well as of Lord *William*, Russell. Continue for twelve months longer to pitch your voice against the people's, and to prate about finality, and twelve months afterwards you will be the most insignificant and powerless public man in England.

THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

“Claudite jam rivos pueri—sat Prata biberunt.”

HERE is the impersonation of the corn-laws, the high priest of the temple of Ceres, and the diligent promoter of human sacrifices to her honour.

All men have their peculiar hallucinations—so say the mad doctors—but those of some men have much more of shrewdness mixed up with them than those of others. Buckingham's bits of zeal have always curiously dove-tailed with his own particular interest, they have always pointed to precisely that method of directing public affairs which would put the most money into his own pocket, and which would procure for himself the greatest portion of distinction. I have no doubt he thinks himself a very patriotic individual. Like many other persons, when he set out upon a good hard steady march in the well-trodden path of self-interest, he met patriotism coming the opposite way; and, as he could not exactly press her into his train, he took from her a few of her outward symbols.

In person, the Duke of Buckingham is a tall, dark, middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking, man, with small, regular features. He has just succeeded to the

family honors by the death of his father ; and, as all his reputation was gained as the Marquis of Chandos, and I have nothing to say of him as Duke of Buckingham, perhaps I may as well continue to call him Chandos. He is, I believe, the only son of the late Duke of Buckingham—and derived from that circumstance a *status* in the House of Commons which was not warranted by his talents, or his wealth. He speaks with considerable fluency ; that is to say, he can *talk* upon his legs ; for, as to oratory, eloquence, or any of the polish, elegance, or art of diction, he knows nothing at all about them, and very probably he affects to despise them. There is a great number of fools, whom one meets with continually, who make a boast that they “ say just what they mean, and never make flashy speeches ;” which is somewhat like the sensible upholsterer, who made it his honest boast that, “ Thank God ! he made things for use, and not for show,” and had never in his life made anything more ornamental than a kitchen chair or a deal table. Of the majority of these people it may be remarked, as was once before remarked of a very eminent member of their tribe, that “ their sense is more disgusting than other people’s nonsense.”

Chandos, however, does not share all the vices of this class. If he is plain and uninteresting, he is not generally very tedious. He has learned, by practice, to know that the patience of the House of Commons has its limits ; and, having experienced the unpleasantness of being coughed down, he usually avoids

this unhappy close to his oratorical exhibitions by making what he has to say as short as possible.

Chandos, was, in the House of Commons, certain of an audience for some short time. He is the representative of a party in the country; and, any man who is supposed to speak the sentiments of a body of men is certain of being listened to as long as he is endurable. Moreover, there was considerable fun in Chandos; for, although not very witty, nor very merry himself, he is the cause of great mirth in others. His speeches contain all the quintessence of bigotted and reckless Toryism; they have all the extravagance of enthusiasm, which only misses being very striking and interesting from his want of ability to bring it forth conspicuously: the extravagance is spoilt by the sober poverty of the language in which it is conveyed.

Perhaps the most ignorant class of men in the world are those who make up what is called the agricultural interest. They are a dull, heavy, beef-fed, hide-headed race, who know, and care to know, nothing more than what is the market price of wheat. People have told them that this is kept up by certain prohibitions which keep a rival out of the market. "These same corn-laws," thinks the Squire, "provide me high rents, equip me with a deal of dignity, feed my dogs, preserve my game, fill my stables, and accommodate me with a plentiful supply of the materials of drunkenness." I believe this class of people are right enough. That a repeal of the corn-laws would bring down the rents I

thoroughly believe ; and I am not one of those reasoners who involve themselves in all sorts of contradictions in order to avoid a consequence which, although quite necessary and very just, may yet be unpalatable to some of their opponents. But what that has to do with the question I cannot conceive. It merely proves that land is now letting for double what it is worth, and that we are paying a poll tax in order to keep it up to its fictitious value. The landlords have a perfect right to their land—no one disputes that—and they may do what they will with it—turn it into race-courses, fish-ponds, or bowling-greens, if they like ; but they have no right to say that we shall hire it at double its value, when there is plenty to be hired in Poland, and other parts of Europe, at one-third of the price.

I dare say Messrs. Bohea, Souchong, and Company, who have very large magazines of tea in the city, would be very much obliged to the Houses of Parliament if they would be good enough to shut the ports against the introduction of any more tea into England. The tea which they probably cannot now very readily sell for two shillings a pound would then be worth ten ; the Boheas and the Souchongs would then set up their carriages, take the snuggest of country boxes, keep flourishing banker's books, and declaim with the most virtuous indignation at the dishonesty of the wretch who should dare to propose to bring ruin upon them and their dear families by opening the ports

for the admission of teas that would bring their's down to the intrinsic value price. I can find no point of difference between this case and that of the corn-law squires ; for as to the argument which goes to prove that it is for the interest of the country that squires should keep hounds, and mangle the law as justices of the peace, although I have no doubt of the squires' belief in the fact, I am quite sure that the Souchongs and the Boheas would be equally sincere in their belief that the prosperity of the tea-dealers involved the greatness of the country, and that it was essential to the well-being of England that her merchants should be able to live like princes. I am not at all sure, moreover, that Messrs. Souchong and Co. could not back their position by the more cogent arguments.

The representative in the House of Commons of the tea-dealers, supposing the case to happen which I have put, would be reduced to great straits, and would be compelled to talk large quantities of nonsense ; but he would not be one whit worse off in point of argument than the representative of the squires. He would only labour under disadvantage in one point ; that is, he would not have an assembly of tea-dealers to prove his case before—an advantage which all experience shows us is of great utility to an advocate. For such an office intellect and subtlety would be of no great use ; for these would show him the absurdity of his cause, and, sooner or later, inspire him with great disgust for it. The best qualification for the purpose would be a hard-

headed obstinacy, a dogged defiance of common sense, a power of fortifying the mind against any conviction, however apparently unavoidable, and a thorough, reckless, whole-hoggish impudence, which would enable him to go on repeating a series of assertions, day after day, and hour after hour, always taking care to increase the confidence of tone and language immediately after they have been most signally pulled to pieces and refuted. Chandos has all these qualities in high perfection; and, taking him all in all, he is really not a very bad representative of the fox-hunters and legislators who riot upon the bread-tax.

Chandos sets up for respectability. He affects to represent the habits for which our country gentry are anxious to get credit. Straightforward, blunt honesty, unswerving consistency, and the moralities—both public and private. This is rather a failure, with people who look below the surface of things. Chandos has *not* been a consistent man. He came out, certainly, as an opponent of all interference with the corn-laws, and he continues to this day to protest even against allowing a grain of foreign corn to be ground into flour in the Custom-house cellars; but he came out also as an opponent of the anti-slavery agitation. He had West India property himself, or his father had, and he took the side of the planters with all the good will which such a man may be supposed to feel in a cause wherein he was personally interested. He made great many speeches, and the West Indian plant

were very much pleased with him. His Buckinghamshire election came on—the West Indian interest gave him an assistance which was very seasonable and very sterling. Chandos was, of course, grateful; but the Stanley-Twenty-Millions Bill came before the House. The Temple West Indian property was at that time, I believe, rather an incumbrance than a source of revenue; the twenty millions was a tempting thing to look upon. Chandos did not hesitate long: he forsook his West Indian friends, who looked upon the twenty millions with scorn, as only an instalment of about half-a-crown in the pound upon the worth of the slaves; and, after a little decent grumbling, he accepted the new bill with very tolerable cordiality. I hope the duke has secured a good slice of the *bonus*.

Adieu! most noble Duke! I had intended to say something about your 50*l.* tenant-at-will clause in the Reform Act, but I find I have not time nor space—and, indeed, the less we say about it, perhaps, the better for all parties. It was a bungling business.

By the bye, you have a right to ask me what could have induced me to rank you as a first class politician? Truly, all that I can say in my defence is that you represent a class—a class contemptible, indeed, in every thing that appertains to intellect, but formidable as enemies from their position and their numbers. You are the acknowledged leader of the ultra malt-tax-repealing, commerce-taxing, squirearchy—in that, and in that only are you first-rate.

LORD PALMERSTON.

There age, essaying to recal the past
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labour of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Pranks forth in all the pride of ornament,
Believes itself forgotten, and is fooled.

COME, Cupid—nay, shrink not—my grasp is rough, indeed, but it is honest. I may ruffle thy pinions, shake a little of the down off thy wings, and twang thy bow with a too nervous hand ; but my grip will not burst thy little heart, unless it prove woefully unsound. I would look into thy breast, pretty flutterer, and I would pluck out and deliver over to the world's laughter whatever of folly I may find there ; but I promise thee good and sterling acknowledgement for every atom of consistency, honour, and public spirit which come before my eyes.

Nay, Cupid, thou art growing past boyhood, and even thy fond parent, the "*Mater sæva Cupidinum*," is getting ashamed of thee : the jubilee day of thy nativity is fast approaching ; vainly is the skill of the artiste lavished upon those dark locks, or

upon those whiskers, once so puissant against the citadels of sempstresses ; vain is the delicately-modelled broad-brimmed hat, the coat *chef d'œuvre* of the illustrious Stultz ; vain the embroiderings of juvenile waistcoats ; vain, alas ! the tight and padded trouser, which essays to disguise the lean and slippered pantaloon.

Labuntur anni ; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Adferet.

But verily, Cupid, thou hast little piety to boast. Get thee, then, a plain brown wig, envelope thyself in a waistcoat of large dimensions and capacious pockets, wear cork soles and lambswool, and let thy upper Benjamin be of convenient magnitude. The clock is striking half a century to thee, the crow's feet are gathering in multitudes under thy eyes, thou art not agile to run, and thy fencing master can throw in his hits where he pleases. Reform, then, reform—be a man at least before you die.

Palmerston is a man made to be laughed at, but not to be despised. Tall, handsome, dark, and well-dressed, as he was twenty years ago he thinks himself still ; he is only wrong in one respect, —twenty years ago he was well-dressed, because *appropriately* dressed. I have taken some pains for his lordship's sake, and can assure him, after a lengthened inquiry among a very numerous acquaintance, that I could not find one lady who

did not prefer a handsome middle-aged man before a faded young one.

In the House of Commons Palmerston is an idle man ; he does not inflict his eloquence indiscriminately, and when he is obliged to get up and defend some bungling colleague about some matter upon which he is profoundly ignorant, he hammers and stammers in a most exemplary manner. It was, I believe, during one of the debates upon the Reform Bill that his lordship was indulging in a quiet snooze while a Tory orator of note was holding forth, and, owing to some mismanagement, there was no one ready to answer him. " You must do it, Palmerston," said Lord John, who was not aware of the noble lord's state of torpor, seizing him violently, and forcing him upon his legs. Palmerston started as though a powder mill had been blowing up about his ears, and found himself in possession of the house before he was in possession of his faculties. " Who the devil was up last, and what did he talk about ?"—he asked of his neighbour, during the coughing and shuffling and shutting of doors which succeeded the close of the Tory oration. A few whispers succeeded, and his lordship commenced. But never was heard such a speech. Imagine a lightly hung Tilbury bumping along over the broken masses of an old Roman road. His friend behind him suggesting the topics, and Palmerston, now hearing, now mistaking, them, and plunging on from confusion into confusion worse confounded. The House evidently thought

that Palmerston was gone mad, and Peel suggested in an audible whisper that he had been bitten by Arthur Trevor. When the noble Secretary, becoming thoroughly awakened, broke desperately from the toils, and, casting overboard the speaker he had to answer, slid glibly into the current of general argument.

Yet Palmerston, when it is his cue to fight, knows his part without a prompter. Never does a hot-headed Tory make an attack upon his particular province—never does Donald Maclean, who, after sitting all day in Westminster Hall, stuffs his brief bag at night with second-hand protocols and old *Morning Posts*, and bustles into the House of Commons—never does this gentleman or any of his kindred nobodies talk his ignorance about Spain or Russia, but Palmerston can give a good account of him. He handles them delicately—with the most delicate elegance—just as a young beauty does a full-blown rose, plucking it negligently leaf by leaf till it is left a mere stalk, and then dropping that with a smile. He laughs at their virtuous indignation; sneers all their facts into moonshine; melts all their heavy argument with a little irony; and, having made all his auditors very merry, sits down with exceeding great complacency.

Mask does not join in the general cry against Palmerston's foreign policy. What could be more contemptible than that of Wellington? What more atrocious than that of Aberdeen? Palmerston has

served a long apprenticeship to his business, and, at least, knows more about it than those who abuse him. As to his protocols, I absolutely admire them. So long as the swinish multitude shew an absurd disinclination to pay ten or twelve millions a-year in order to decide some momentous question, such as that which erst divided the little and big-endians, what else has the poor man to fight with? Glad am I to see the energy with which he wields his only weapon, and long may he live to show his dexterity.

Unluckily this is the best part of Palmerston's character; a retrospect of his life would exhibit him as a very political prostitute. Oh, the arrant Toryism of the man when he commenced politician! How he drudged and voted and lisped for the Tories, until he got the immaculate Lord Liverpool to make him his Secretary at War! How he chopped with Canning, pinned himself to the skirts of Huskisson, kissed the great toe of Pope Wellington, and looked piteously in the face of Earl Grey! How adroitly and consistently did he manage to retain his place under Wellington, voting for Catholic emancipation, which was an open question, and then certain not to be carried, and against the repeal of the corporation and test acts, which was *not* an open question, and in which the division was expected to be close. When Lord John Russell and the Whigs forced this Repeal Bill from Wellington and the Tories, Palmerston's opposition augmented

their difficulties—to him religious toleration owes nothing.

To the Whigs, I say, Beware of Palmerston. So long as he is with you, well; but let him have no influence upon your counsels—let not the fear of his desertion bend you a line from your course. He is a *medio tutissimus* man; he ever keeps open a retreat into the opposite ranks. I fear he acts upon no principle but that of retaining office; he served under Peel before, and he would serve under him again to-morrow—he shapes his zeal by the prospect of your fortunes—you are firm, and he is fervid; you totter, and he grows cold. The popular voice is powerful, and in the *Globe* he cheers you on to daring deeds with a bold and merry cry; it grows weak, or elections look dubious; and, in the same *Globe* he hints to Peel that he has always been “Conservative.” He would coalesce, ay, verily would he, and he would be safe, but you would be lost for ever. If Palmerston should ever stand in the way of an onward moment—and I believe he would, for it would cut off his retreat to the Tories—away with him without a thought.

To the exquisite himself I offer my advice with humble deference. Take up a manly bearing and a manly course of politics, throw away all coquetry with Toryism, and place yourself heartily and without reserve among the vanguard of the Whigs—with Howick and Normanby. Reconsider your opinions upon the subject of the Ballot. You are

a clever man and a useful official. But remember, constantly remember, that although your past inconsistencies may be atoned, or even reconciled, by future rectitude, no cast off drab would be more scorned, than not the treasury bench, upon which each succeeding set of ministers sit, would be thought a more mere convenience than would Lord Palmerston be in a Tory cabinet or in a prosperous Tory opposition.

LORD HOWICK.

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis." HORACE.

AMONG the members who frequently address the House of Commons, the casual visitor in the gallery of the House will observe a thin young man, with carotty hair and rather an unintellectual cast of countenance, whom he will be very apt to set down as a bore.

First impressions are not always the most correct, although they are certainly the strongest ; so reserve your judgment, stranger, and listen to the sandy-haired, silly-looking young man again. He has a shocking voice—that I must allow. Squeaking and harsh it is, to the extent of inflicting absolute discomfort upon his auditors. I admit, also, that it is as unpleasant to look at him as to listen to him. Besides his general unintellectual appearance, his attitude and positions are ungainly—not offensively violent, nor boisterously absurd ; on the contrary, he is very moderate in the use of action ; but there is some slight physical defect in his person, something approaching to a lameness, which, although we might multiply examples from the time of Esop down to that of Scott and Byron, to show that it is not

hostile, but, perhaps, rather the contrary, to the developement of genius, is certainly not an advantage to a speaker.

In the matter of what this member says I must also admit that there is nothing of imagination, and nothing of brilliancy. He startles with no bold images, he commands the attention with no originality of thought, he does not lure our sympathy by pathetic description, nor does he pretend to any mastery of the passions. In all the high branches of oratory he is utterly deficient. Oratory, as a science, he may know, for he is well educated, and has read with assiduity ; but oratory, as an art, he is both physically and mentally incapable of practising. Yet listen to him yet again, and you will find that what he says is well worthy of your attention.

“ *Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons,*”

is one of the best canons in a poetical treatise teeming with instruction. What is true as regards scribblers is thrice true as regards speakers. The first great secret of public speaking is to know the subject of debate—and here Lord Howick is always strong. Hark ! how conversant he appears with all the facts of the case—how he recalls all that has been already done upon the same subject—how thoroughly acquainted he shows himself to be with all that has been said and written upon the same point. Instead of a silly fellow, you must admit at once that he is a laborious and well-informed man. As you listen to him longer, you must admit more. He is fluent,

level, and common-place in his diction, but there is sound sterling sense in all he says : he has evidently looked through the subject ; and he has formed a vigorous, but moderate and statesmanlike, opinion upon it. This is the sort of talent which is more current than any other in the present day, and in the present House of Commons ; and Lord Howick has, accordingly, risen rapidly to a degree of influence in that assembly which a more flashy, but less solid, style of speaker would not acquire in a lifetime.

The fact of Howick being the eldest son of Earl Grey has doubtless contributed in some degree to his rapid rise. But this only gave him the opportunity, not the power, to avail himself of it. The Marquis of Douro enjoys a still higher starting-point, as the son of the Duke of Wellington, but I question whether the most ardent Tory of the House would postpone his dinner for five minutes in order to hear what he thought upon any conceivable subject. The Marquis being known to be no Solon, the mere accident of his birth cannot give him weight in the House of Commons ; nor would the prestige of the name of Earl Grey have served Howick beyond an attentive audience for his maiden speech. He, however, convinced his hearers that he was worthy to be listened to for his own powers ; and is another among the many examples of able debaters who, being gifted by nature with sound sense, and having acquired accurate information by habits of industry, become fluent and effective

by practice. I know of no instance upon record—with the single exception of Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli—of any man whom fame acknowledges as an orator, and who came forth at once with all his burnished splendour about him.

Unambitious as Howick is to soar into the seventh heaven of metaphorical diction, and, little accustomed as he is to cull the flowers of rhetoric, he is still a dangerous opponent to any rampant Tory, who starts off firing his random assertions and accusations right and left. Howick, if he replies, we may be sure is well acquainted with all the facts; he brings the gentleman to the test of dates and real occurrences; and when, as is usually the case, these are found wanting, and the accuser sneaks sheepishly out of the accusation, or has recourse to a dogged reiteration, Howick can squeeze a little sarcastic henbane into his retort, which works and rankles to good effect, although, perhaps, from the manner of the delivery, it is hardly seen or appreciated in the gallery. The House and the gallery are, indeed, two very distinct and different kinds of audiences; and a man may be very highly rated by one of them, and thought an intense bore by the other. In comparing them, I must give my preference to the judgment of the House, except in certain cases where the *esprit de corps* of the assembly is brought into action. The judgment of the House is a more sterling and business-like judgment—they weigh the metal before they look at the chasing.

If the fond falsehood which I have placed at the head of this sketch, and which men in all ages appear to have hugged, could be true, and if we could detect the seeds of every man's characteristic qualities in those of his immediate ancestors, Howick might vouch his paternity by the character of his mind. In the higher attributes of imagination and eloquence he sinks below his father; but in the order of his mind he appears the same. Here is the same straight-forward integrity of purpose, the same unswerving resolution, the same contempt of difficulties, and continued pursuit of one object, which marked the career of Earl Grey. The misfortune of Grey was that the object which he proposed to himself was not sufficiently advanced for this age, and, that when it was attained, a long life of striving had wedded him to it too closely to allow him to look out for another. But when Grey took up Parliamentary Reform, it appeared further removed, and more hopeless, than the wildest proposition that has been broached in the present day can appear. He pursued it, however, through every risk, at every hazard, declaring that if the question was between Universal Suffrage and no Reform, he would choose Universal Suffrage without a moment's hesitation. He followed his object as an object should be followed, which has been well considered and found to be just; he fixed his eyes upon the point to be gained, went steadily forwards, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and gained it.

The same straight, manly path appears to have been chosen by his son ; and, as far as we have hitherto seen, this young nobleman appears to have avoided his father's *great* error, and to have proposed to himself no immutable boundary beyond which he will not pass. In affairs of government, which must always depend upon the temper of the age, the condition of the people, and the circumstances of the time, such resolutions are always absurd ; and of this Earl Grey is an illustrious example : yet he, in his day, chose what was thought to be the most thorough radical and efficient remedy for the diseases of the State. We may hope that Howick will imitate his father and make a similar choice. The family, in youth at least, are not remarkable for their love of half-measures : Howick has already proved that he is in this respect a true Grey. One of Lord Brougham's letters to Mr. Benjamin Smith occasioned the disclosure, under his own hand, of the fact that Howick resigned his office because the Slave Emancipation Bill was not sufficiently decided in its provisions—a fact which its framers were themselves soon afterwards the loudest to assert. He approaches, also, nearer than any other member of the aristocracy to those great questions which have yet to be decided before England can be said to be in the possession of a wholesome government. I say, Lord Howick approaches nearer than any other—where he stops I know not : I am inclined to hope that he has drawn no formal demarcation

between himself and the people, and that he is ready, without looking to the sophistries of expediency-mongers, to advance wherever justice and sound reason may guide. He has given eminent token of this in his conduct upon the Irish Tithe Bill. While Lord John Russell was trimming and coquetting between Whigs, Tories, and Radicals—declaring to the first and second that the arrangement should be final, and talking ambiguously to the last about retaining the principle of appropriation in their creed, while they shut it out for ever from operation by a final arrangement from which it was excluded—while this juggle was going on, Howick spoke forth plainly and abided by his declaration; characterising the monster-abuse of the Irish Church in language such as an honest Liberal, unshackled by party connections or official obligations, might have used, and dooming it at no distant period to a certain destruction.

This was a manifestation of political virtue which raised Lord Howick fifty per cent. in public opinion, and enabled him to laugh at the petulance of Lord John Russell at having his well-arranged diplomacy thus blown up. His speech formed a refreshing contrast to that of those of all his coadjutors upon this question.

I look upon Lord Howick as a man of great promise; and, if I properly rate his energy and determination, probably destined to head a mighty movement, and a great peaceable revolution, even greater

than that over which his father presided. His want of showy talents has prevented his being so well known to the million as he deserves to be; as he becomes better known he will be better appreciated. I believe the time is not far distant when he will be the only one in the Cabinet in whom the nation will place its highest confidence.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

CORNWALL.—You stubborn, ancient knave, we'll teach you.

KENT.—Sir, I am too old to learn.—LEAR.

I WILL not join in an injustice to an honest and an able man. What, although Sir Charles can no longer teach the walls of St. Stephen's to echo his *sesquipedalia verba*—what, although his place knows him no more in the House, which was wont to hail him as the parent of continual laughter, what, although his friends, whom he has stood by so chivalrously, and his party, whom he has served so faithfully, are contented to allow him to glide smoothly into oblivion, and leave him obscurely to wear away his old age in sentencing petty larceny delinquents in a provincial court—shall *we*, therefore, who set out to insist upon a personal interview with, and to take the height and breadth, both physical and moral, of all the men who have been great as politicians in our generation—shall *we* pass by Sir Charles Wetherell? No, verily; I doff my cap to him as to a very great man, and I beg of my readers, companions of my pilgrimage, to do the same.

Perhaps, my much-esteemed companion, you have never seen Sir Charles. I am sorry for you. If the

misfortune could be repaired—if *the* Sir Charles of the House of Commons was still to be seen—I should say hurry to St. Stephen's, and move not until you have beheld him. But go not into the Court of Chancery; above all, go not into the Recorder's Court at Bristol; the miserable imitations of Sir Charles, which appear as a barrister in one place and as a judge in the other, are no more like *the* Sir Charles than Mr. Macready is like the defunct Mr. Joseph Grimaldi.

Previous to the disastrous year 1832, any one sitting in the front seat of the gallery of the House of Commons might see, if he looked well over, an old-fashioned old gentleman, seated upon the cross-benches, who could not fail to attract his attention. He was a middle-sized, stout-made individual, with large features, and rather a benevolent expression of countenance, mingled, however, with a good dash of sterling, dogged obstinacy. Looking at him, a stranger would conclude that, claiming a right of being obstinate himself, he conceded the same right to others. His liberality appeared to extend even to his clothes, which the wearer, apparently, considered had a perfect right to expand themselves in any direction they pleased, without concerning themselves in any respect with the dimensions of the figure upon which they were placed. The hat he wore would have been dismissed in disgrace from Holywell Street, and his clothes seemed to have been taken at random from a heap of antique vestments of very large men. To him that famous receptacle

for abandoned habits was literally impassable ; there was not a Jew among them all who did not eye him tenderly as he approached, and handle him roughly as he came up, expostulating with him upon the enormous disproportion of his garments, and pointing, with seductive gesture, to the well-revived inexpressibles which hung extended above head. Sir Charles tells a story that he was once attacked by two of these gentry, and, finding it impossible to get away, he sent one of them up to call his master. The great Jew himself was especially engaged ; but, after assuring the detaining juniors that they would not do so well, he, in answer to the third message, appeared, all nose and beard. " Are you the master of this shop ?" said Sir Charles. " Yes, mein Got, I am," replied the Jew, astonished at the important airs which the seedy old gentleman gave himself. " Then lay hold of that fellow of yours till I pass, will you ?" All Europe thought that Sir Charles was sworn to wear no braces, and all Europe knows that there was wont to exist a *hiatus valde deflendus* between his waistcoat and his lower garments. Braces, or gallowses, as he calls them, he held to be a modern innovation, and he scorned in his heart the boys who allowed themselves to be led into it. It was curious to hear him abusing the Irish members who came swaggering into the House in the dog-days with green frock-coats, flying open, a bit of black ribbon round their necks, and no waistcoats, as a turbaceous clan of half-clad savages, while his own trowsers were hanging on his hips,

and six inches of shirt were visible below his waistcoat.*

Such was Sir Charles, sitting in that darling assembly of his soul, the unreformed House of Commons. When he rose to speak he bent a good deal forward, buried one hand and half his arm into one of the enormous outside pockets of his enormous blue coat, out of which said pocket, by the by, protruded about half a yard of a silk handkerchief, which seemed—no doubt erroneously—to have grown very old in virgin innocence of the existence of the art of washing; then with the other hand he hammered away, beating the air with his fist, and speaking in a loud, clear, steady voice. Sir Charles is a remarkably dull, heavy-looking man; and, if you heard him when not in good cue for talking, he was a remarkably dull and heavy speaker. He had faults which never left him. He was diffuse and tedious in the extreme, constantly repeating himself, and wearing an idea to shreds. The charm consisted in the unflinching, straight-forward honesty with which he said exactly what he thought, telling people to their face the most disagreeable truths, and in the highly original character of his diction.

The words that Wetherell poured forth, as rapidly as he spoke, were such as no individual present had ever made use of before; they were all patent words, made expressly for his own use, compounded

* This was Sir Charles of the olden time. Alas, reform has now reached even unto him; a softer influence has done that which the rack could not have accomplished—Sir Charles Wetherell now wears braces.

to represent the immediate idea, and formed at the moment, with an utter contempt for euphony, from some half dozen Latin or Greek words all crushed into one. These enormous masses of syllables, poured forth with hot vehemence, and with a grave waggishness of manner, produced an effect so perfectly original that persons could not but listen, and could not but laugh ; while the extreme, untinctured Toryism which he uttered—Toryism pursued into absolute absurdity, mingled with the evident sincerity of the speaker, rendered the originality of the scene perfect. While the whole House was echoing with laughter, Sir Charles appeared perfectly unconscious that he was occasioning mirth. His manner continued as serious as if they had all been crying, and his compound epithets came forth with as much solemnity as if he were all unconscious of the effect they must produce. His speeches, nevertheless, are much better to read than to hear. In the reports, while all his original diction is preserved, all the repetition, which rendered him so tedious, is lost, and the reader is spared the bore of hearing him beating about and running down quaint phrases for half-an-hour before he approaches his subject.

The Toryism of Sir Charles is either sublime or ridiculous, according as we look at it with an eye to the serious or the ludicrous. He is himself the very abstract idea of Toryism ; it forms the whole of his mind ; it is unalloyed with lust of power, of place, or of money ; it is entertained

for itself alone, and not as a means to any ulterior object. Never was there a more honest politician. Neither the wealth of a world, nor the temptation of a crown, would induce him to vote a Member of Parliament to Birmingham, or to allow a Popish cat to mew within the precincts of St. Stephens. *Stare in antiquas vias* is the maxim of his life, and no temptation that man could offer could move him one line from those paths. The old condition of things was the object of his wondering adoration—the idol of his heart ; every attack made upon it he felt as a personal assault, and friend or foe were alike to him if they presumed to touch the object of his reverence.

When the Duke of Wellington took his resolution to emancipate the Catholics, Wetherell, as the world knows, was Attorney-General, and into no heart did the news strike such dismay as into his. He drew a bill which was to destroy the Protestant constitution ! You might as well have put a pocket-pistol into his hand and asked him to walk down to St. James's and blow the King's brains out. Copley seized the moment, and leaped from the Rolls to the Woolsack. Wetherell might have succeeded him in the snug post he left vacant, but he refused the offer with scorn ; and, caring nothing for the conventional secresy of such negotiations, went down to the House and told them all about it, wondering how many hours he was to remain Attorney-General. The Duke was not the man to keep him long in suspense.

It was in violent personal attacks that Wetherell was most effective—who does not remember his attack upon the Duke of Wellington for his prosecution of Alexander?—in arguments upon the merits of a question he was useless. The debates upon the Catholic Bill were calculated to draw forth all his force, for his enemies were bare to his scourge, and he was boiling over with fury, and half-stifled with his stock of compound denunciations. Who does not remember his celebrated annihilation of Copley? “I have no speech to eat up—I have no apostacy to explain—I have no paltry subterfuge to resort to—I have not to say that a thing is black one day and white another—I was not in one year a Protestant Master of the Rolls, and in the next a Catholic Lord Chancellor. I would rather remain as I am, the humble member for Plympton, than be guilty of such apostacy—such contradiction—such unexplainable conversion—such miserable, such contemptible, apostacy.” His indignation at the treachery around him rendered him upon this occasion really eloquent.

After this fatal opening of the flood-gates, Wetherell was still consistent. He did not turn sulky, and play with edged tools, like Winchelsea and others. He never turned Radical out of spite. No; he addressed himself to defend the few shreds of the constitution that remained. The Emancipation Bill drew forth his powers, the Reform Bill brought his obstinacy into prominent relief. The celebrated adjournment motions against going

into committee, in which twenty-four men, with Sir Charles at their head, kept up a series of divisions from eleven o'clock at night until seven in the morning, will always be remembered as a proof of his impracticable spirit. Peel abided by his agreement with the Government, but Wetherell declared "he had made up his mind to perseverance, and persevere he would ;" and persevere he did, and gained his point.

When this bill passed, then Sir Charles's spirit fell ; he lives now only in the memory of the past. I believe he cares very little what becomes of the Government, or what party is in power. He looks upon one as very little better than the other, and considers Sir Robert Peel an arrant Radical. With his name and his large fortune he might easily, without any assistance from the magnates of the Tories, who would find him a bore, get a seat in the House ; but he scorns to make the attempt. He has sat, he says, in the constitutional Parliament of this kingdom—he will never disgrace himself by sitting among the anomalous, revolutionary assembly which at present assumes the name of the House of Commons. He hitches up his trousers, throws himself back in his easy chair, and, as he gazes mournfully through a glass of very curious bees'-wing port, before he swallows it, remarks with a sigh to his young and amiable wife that, since 1829, there is nothing in England worth living for—Sir Charles is not the only man who, surrounded with all the good things which life can give, gives vent to expression of a ludicrous despair.

It is very evident that such a man as Wetherell cannot be a man of a grand order of intellect, or of an expanded mind. He is, nevertheless, a good Chancery lawyer, and quite able to grapple with the technicalities of his profession. His body is almost as immoveable as his mind. I believe he is, or was, one of the most indolent men in existence. The attorneys, I have heard some of them say, were obliged to hunt him up from hour to hour in order to get anything done; and they would probably at last get a conference in his bed-room, or be obliged to write a set of interrogatories, from his dictation, while he was slowly casting on his clothes. Sir Charles, however, cared little for their impatience; for, having a very splendid private property, he has long felt that his profession is his amusement and not his business.

Like many heavy and indolent men, Wetherell is remarkably absent. He was once married before his recent marriage, and a characteristic anecdote is told of his absence of mind during the time he was formerly a *Benedict*. Very shortly after his marriage, he and his first lady dined with Sergeant Merewether, who lived in Chancery-lane. After dinner, instead of joining the ladies in the drawing-room, Wetherell, who was then in very large practice, said he must go across to his chambers for an hour. He went, and knowing the magnitude of his occupation, no one thought of wondering that he did not return, until at a late hour, when every one else being

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gone, his carriage waited at the door. A servant was now sent over to remind the absorbed lawyer what the hour was, and that Mrs. Wetherell was waiting; but, to the astonishment of every one, he returned with the intelligence that the outer door was shut. He must be gone home, was every one's conjecture, and home the lady drove. Presently, however, she came back to Chancery-lane, and knocked up her host to tell him that her husband had not been heard of at home, and that she was of course, in a high state of alarm. The affair was now become serious. The barrister went over himself to the chambers. They were closed, sure enough, and not a word was there from within in reply to his knocks. He fetched the lady, and a consultation took place as to breaking open the door. As a preliminary, however, the servant tried his strength upon it with repeated kicks. A moment after and a sound was heard inside; a halloo from the lost man, and the door was opened. There stood Wetherell in his shirt! He had risen from his briefs, and, by the force of habit, he had shut the oaken-door and gone to bed, forgetting all about his marriage. The lady, who had previously thought the furniture of the chambers' bed-room scarcely worth removing, immediately changed her mind, and Sir Charles, I suppose, grew accustomed to his change of habits.*

* Of course I do not vouch for the *truth* of this anecdote; but it is a very current story, and a very good story, and withal a very characteristic story.

Upon the bench at Bristol, Wetherell is remarkably slow, very attentive, and strictly conscientious. He may be indolent to move, but when once seated upon the bench he sticks there with great assiduity. I have heard him at eight o'clock at night sum up a trumpery case with a minuteness and a patience which was absolute torture to the jury, who had made up their minds at least two hours before, and were impatient to get home to their suppers. A criminal judgeship is, however, an office he is not at all fit for. I should like very much to see him again in Parliament. He would embarrass the Tories more than half-a-dozen Whigs could.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"———*Leniter atterens*
Caudam———."—Hos.

DANIEL O'CONNELL is a name which may well scare the light sketcher of contemporary characters. In fact, these historic characters are rather bores to a writer who aims only to exhibit a clear, rapid glance at passing politicians. For little people, such as D'Israeli, Borthwick, Sibthorpe, and a crowd of others who dance their way to oblivion, such a notice is amply sufficient. I feel quite easy in hitting them off. I have no great misgivings either with Peel, Stanley, Melbourne, and that class, who are, in Cambridge phrase, only Captains of the Poll, and not destined for the Class List of posterity: very shining and pretty, no doubt, but, at the best, only bits of highly-polished mediocrity. There is, however, a class which it is difficult to take liberties with. They appear like those awful old knaves who took their seat in the forum when Brennus and his Gauls entered the city. It requires a good deal of resolution to stroke *their* beads. This it was which made me pause over the portrait of Grey, and touch and retouch that of Brougham—which made me

handle the pencil nervously when Wellington was before me, and has kept me hitherto from all contact with O'Connell. Now, however, he can wait no longer, and I obey.

We take our station beneath the gallery, where we have been placed by a friendly member, under the sanction of a Speaker's order. There is a buzz among the strangers around us, and "There he is!" "That's O'Connell!" passes in a whisper from mouth to mouth. Unfortunately for me there are no two beings of the present generation to whom, through the sketches of H. B., the face and figure of O'Connell are not as familiar as their own. But if we could find such a person—if we had told him of all that O'Connell had dared and done—of the mighty influence that he had exercised and still continues to exercise over the destinies of these realms; if we had recounted to him how, by force of his own master-intellect alone, he had wrought out for himself by slow degrees—by indomitable perseverance—and by the power of his own vast internal resources, that influence which he holds, and which he has made the agent of such great results, our companion would look with as much surprise as interest upon the huge, bulky, farmer-like man, who now swaggers into the House with his cloak drawn round him, and his great, broad, pug-nosed Irish face, expressive of nothing but glorious, racy, Irish humour. See how he elbows his way along—a grin, a jest, and an Irish greeting for every one he meets. He appears the very genius of

good nature. The Members crowd round him—I mean the Liberal Members; for the others scowl upon him as though they took him for an incarnate fiend, which, by-the-bye, is pretty nearly their sentiment with respect to him. He walks down the House about half-way, and then turns towards a seat, usually upon the second row of the benches, not far from Hume, and around him, but chiefly behind him, appears a little phalanx, which, from the peculiarities of their features and their dress, you recognize immediately as consisting of importations from the Emerald Isle, and illustrious joints of the illustrious and far-famed tail. He takes off his cloak, for the House is crowded and hot, but he retains his broad-brimmed hat. He sits down, and there you have the Liberator and his tail.

It is an Irish question before the House, and sadly is their patience tried. Shaw and Jackson, Lefroy, and half-a-score of others, have imbued the very atmosphere with poppy-juice. Even the Speaker takes snuff in vain and nods,

*Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem,
Vique soporatum Stygia, super utraque quassat
Tempora :*

and there are many of these talkers who could put even Somnus himself to the blush. At last, one of them, even more tedious than his fellows, is coughed and shuffled down. See, as the noise grows serious, and the sitting down of the speaker certain, the broad-brimmed hat of the Liberator is taken off and

his brown wig is left apparent. He rises—and so do a dozen others, quick as though a hundred needles had at that particular moment been pushed up through the cushions upon which they sat. The members upon his own side immediately give way, those on the other side persist, but the call for O'Connell is universal and not to be resisted, and he is left in undisputed possession of the House. Then arises the strong full voice of the Liberator, redolent of a rich and peaty brogue. Ten to one but the first sentence he utters is a joke, and a joke so set off by a careless comicality of manner that it is quite irresistible, and calls forth an answering peal of laughter. A noble form is that of O'Connell for a public man; his carriage is that of a man perfectly at home, and altogether confident in his own resources. Note how rich is the broad vein of humour which he is now working; it is not, indeed, very polished, nor is it very delicate—but hark how it *tells*. The senators, who were lately snoring upon the benches in the gallery, are now leaning over the front and shaking their sides. Suddenly, again, in a moment, the House is still. He has passed from the humorous to the pathetic. He is depicting the woes of his country, dwelling upon her wrongs, picturing her desolation, appealing to her oppressors. Many of those who sit opposite to him have laughed heartily and long when the same theme has been treated by other men, but there is not a smile upon one face now. Even they are interested, although they do

not believe; they give their sympathy, for a moment, as they would to a powerful fiction, to be withdrawn as soon as the tale is ended, and to be repudiated if it should be insisted upon as a reality. Again, the scene is changed, in a moment the House again rings with the loud laugh. He has encountered in his progress some one among Ireland's enemies. Oh, how he mauls him! How readily at his command come forth the most apposite nicknames that language could afford to turn the particular individual into derision! He does not strike at him, he does not thrust at him: no, he seizes him with Herculean force, squeezes the breath out of him, and then bandies him too and fro as though he were tossing him in a blanket. He dismisses him at last with a contemptuous kick—with a nick-name that sticks to him for the rest of his life.

He has not yet done—the tossing in the blanket of the Orangeman was only an episode; he returns again to the serious vein—and he carries his audience with him; again he stops to throw another victim in the air, and again he comes back to his subject. Hark, now, to that strong and passionate denunciation, listen to those strong and forcible images, to those hardy, masculine, sinewy ideas which are born from his brain more rapidly than they can be uttered, and are thrown half shapeless upon the world. It is a splendid thing to witness! A giant intellect aroused and in full action, ungovernable in the rapidity of its workings, and

throwing off its creations in such teeming copiousness that the body toils in vain to convey them to the material world. 'Tis done. The voice has ceased. How trifling appear the plaudits with which he is greeted ! How small and thin sounds the voice which has taken up the thread of the debate.

Yet this is not eloquence ! Thus say many—mighty judges in their own esteem of the grades and divisions of oratory. Then, good critics, pray tell us what eloquence is. If eloquence be, as Aristotle says, "the art of persuasion," where do you find it in stronger perfection than in this man ? If eloquence consist in polished phrase, in rich imagery artfully interwoven and elaborately polished, in lofty metaphors conveyed in dulcet sounds ; if these, *and these alone*, are eloquence, then do I admit that O'Connell is not an eloquent man : for, brilliant as he is, his brilliancy wants finish ; and fluent, powerful, and absorbing as is his language, yet, if it were written down precisely as it comes forth from his mouth, our minute critics might chuckle over many half-expressed ideas, disrupted fragments of sentences, and startling inaccuracies of diction. But seek its character in its effects. What less than eloquence could arouse those slumbering, after-dinner dreamers ? What less than eloquence could have commanded the rapt attention of an assembly of men, the majority of whom despise the cause and hate the advocate ? What less could have carried that assembly along with the speakers, alternating from roaring laughter to an

almost sacred silence, and back again, swift as the magician changed his wand, from grave to gay, and from gay back again to grave? If this is not eloquence, then it is something much better than eloquence, for which our rhetoricians have hitherto given us no other name.

To speak effectively in the House of Commons is a difficult, a very difficult, task. But this is not the only, nor is it the principal, scene of O'Connell's triumphs. There, there are many whom art, peculiar talent, station, or knowledge of the temper and prejudices of the House, place upon a level with him. Addressing a multitude, however, he is unrivalled and alone. I have seen him fulminating his stentor voice abroad among a hundred thousand auditors, and every one of that hundred thousand had his face upturned towards the orator—every human heart in that mighty assemblage beat quick or slow, responsive to the passion or the sentiment which the orator uttered. Did he dwell upon the miserable state of the country to which they all owed their birth—not a man among them but felt his own degradation and hers, and bemoaned in it his heart. Did he pass from that theme to speak of those who had entailed those miseries upon her, and to call for union, energy, and power, to overthrow their tyranny—there was not a man among them but who felt his soul stirred to action, and upon whose ear every word fell like the blast of the trumpet upon the war horse. He is a dangerous man, is that O'Connell, among confiding crowds.

Nor are his powers exhausted or useless when opposed to the pervading sentiment of his audience. Nothing is more easy than to harangue a favourable crowd with effect — nothing is so difficult as to harangue an adverse crowd without being driven from the hustings with hootings and yells. Nothing but the most extraordinary skill—a skill almost arising to genius, for it must be exerted in *one* happy sentence, and be shewn in *one* forcible hit—can obtain a man under those circumstances even a hearing. When he has obtained that hearing, nothing but the most egregious powers can render it of any advantage to him. I remember seeing O'Connell in a position of this sort. There was a meeting at the Crown and Anchor—I think it was after Lord John Russell's declaration against the Ballot, or certainly after some very unpopular act of which his Lordship and the Whigs had been guilty — O'Connell was there, and so were Grote, Roebuck, Molesworth, and others of this section of the Radical party. These men had been hammering away until they had well worked up the people before them, and they had appealed directly to O'Connell—"Now, O'Connell, what will you do?"

The question could not go unanswered, and yet O'Connell had not the slightest intention of compromising the interests of his country by declaring against the Whigs. He was compelled to come forward, and as he advanced with his fine commanding figure to the front of the hustings he was

received with a very distinct expression of disapprobation. O'Connell, who had been accustomed for years to be received with a storm of acclamation, and to have the close of every third sentence drowned in cheers, might almost have been excused had he shrunk from so new and unaccustomed a reception. Not he. Hiss as they might, no nerve of his appeared to quiver. There he stood as dauntless, as confident, and quite as self-possessed, as if he had been talking over old topics among his confidants and cronies of the Corn Exchange.

"Mr. Grote," he at length said, during a pause, turning his head quickly on one side—"Mr. Grote has asked 'Now, O'Connell, what will you do?' Now, gentlemen, if you will hold your dear tongues for a moment, I'm just going to tell him." This, but the manner much more than the words, got him a moment's hearing. But as to telling them what he was going to do, that was not at all among his intentions. Instead of doing so, he struck immediately into a few general topics of abuse, in which they were certain to sympathise with him, and from these he slipped gently and insensibly into the wrongs of poor suffering Ireland. Thenceforward his speech was one of the most beautiful pieces of art which I ever heard. He beat round and round, working upon the passions and amusing the fancy of his auditors, but never absolutely touching the point of difference between him and them—and this he did without at all talking at random, or even starting a topic which could be

objected to as irrelevant to the point under discussion. He spoke for an hour, and he retired amid loud cheers. He did not convince his audience that Lord John Russell was right in what he had done, nor did he convince them that it was wrong to vote a want of confidence in him and his co-adjutors upon that account; but he had succeeded in preventing himself from being involved in the censure—he had avoided the signal disgrace of being hooted from a public meeting of English Radicals, and he had achieved this without giving any pledge to oppose the Whigs—nay, with a sufficient intimation, although he hazarded no direct assertion, that he intended to continue to support them.

This was a mighty triumph of art, and O'Connell felt it as such. His face flushed as the cheering followed him to the back of the hustings. "Didn't I bring them round well?" he asked, quickly and laughingly, of Roebuck. "Yes," said his little opponent, who looked like an atom by his side, and who answered with an air of disappointment, "yes, you did that very well. But let the question now be put to the vote, and you will find that there is not one man present who thinks any the better of the Whigs for all you have said." O'Connell said nothing; but the laughing roll of his eye told as plainly as words could how little he thought of that, and how very different his object had been.

Such is O'Connell in the House and upon the

hustings. His success in these two very different arenas of public speaking, in both of which so few are ever excellent—still more his success at the bar, the eloquence of which is considered, with justice, to be almost incompatible with that of any other sphere—his success in these three very different lines of speaking mark the extraordinary versatility of the talent in the man, but still more his extraordinary and acute perception of the character of his audience. None other but a man intrinsically great could have performed this feat. His greatness, also, is of a practical character, as is, or has been, that of all men who are known to the world as great men by the greatness of the effects which they have produced. Some minds are vast in speculation, but incapable in action ; others are very mediocre in the closet, but mighty among moving men. O'Connell is of the latter class. Every thing he does is directed to an end, nothing for show, except so far as that show may conduce towards his purpose. In future generations, when the question is asked, "How were the civil incapacities of the Catholics removed?" there will be but one answer — "Daniel O'Connell removed them." Catholic Emancipation is as solely and entirely the work of Daniel O'Connell as is one of the "Hereditary Bondsmen" letters which he dates from Derrinane Abbey. Although he has many able men about him, there is not one who can claim to share with him one leaf of that laurel—alone he did it.

It is this practical turn of genius which has enabled him to sit in St. Stephens as member for Dublin, when a hundred men of an equally *fine* order of intellect would have passed their lives in addressing magnificent harangues to devoted crowds in Dublin. He gathered and consolidated the means ; he brought them with labour and power into a focus ; and by their concentrated power he made that seed to germinate and to increase into a tree which has now put forth its fruit—that seed upon which a million scattered rays of eloquence might have fallen while it withered and rotted. It is this same practical turn of genius which still holds him to the side of the Whigs. While he harangues with all the passion for which the orators of his country are famed, he continually shapes his *conduct* in accordance to the answer he can give to the question, “ *Cui bono ?*” If no solid advantage offers, the expedition has no charm for him ; he lies by, enjoys what he has already obtained, and waits for an opportunity to seize upon something more.

Thus, so long as the Whigs will keep the Orangemen chained, and he can get nothing more from any other line of action, and can retain the support of his country in this, so long will he continue to support the Whigs. By so doing he gives them, in his estimation, fair wages for the work they do ; and directly he can find a party who will bid higher, and have equal power to perform, he will leave the Whigs to their fate without a shadow of com-

punction. His mind is *practical*. He wants to obtain a large tract of country, and *retain* it; not to fight a great battle, win it, and then be obliged to retreat.

Nothing but this strict attention to machinery and minutiae, which O'Connell shares with Napoleon, and every one who has ever accomplished great things, could have sustained his power in Ireland, where a hundred men have always been eager to snatch it from him. He has retained it through circumstances which appeared to prophesy his certain ruin, and has established it upon so sure a basis that, although holding it entirely at the caprice of a democracy, he is able to follow out that slow, temperising, and tortuous policy which is necessary for a practical purpose, and which is always adopted by able men acting upon a stable authority; but which is seldom ventured, and still more seldom successfully ventured, by men whose power is based altogether upon popular impulse.

It is a great mistake to look upon O'Connell as an avaricious man. His objects are too great to admit of avarice. I believe that very little of the O'Connell Rent goes into his private purse; but it consolidates his power. It keeps together a paid political staff of the ablest men in Ireland, who support his authority, enter into his policy, and suppress all mutiny among his supporters. It keeps intact that terrible influence which, although apparently so volatile and little to be trusted, has endured every assault that could be made upon it, and has

triumphed over all that wealth, power, influence, or loyalty could do. To look back upon the past, and watch how that influence grew, is a review which cannot be destitute of interest.

Sixty years ago, when to be a Catholic was to be almost an outlaw—when a man must either renounce the Pope or his inheritance, and when no believer in the infallibility of the Bishop King of the Seven Hills was allowed to bestride a horse worth more than five pounds—when the Papists were trodden down like grass beneath the iron hoofs of Protestant Dragoon chargers, and Protestants moved about like little despots, making spoil of all things which bore the sign of the Cross—sixty years ago, during this iron age, there dwelt in the little village of Cahiroiveen—a small congregation of huts in the district of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry—a douce, well-to-do-in-the-world couple, named Morgan and Maurneen Connell.

Maurneen was a quick, hard-working woman, of good sense and little education, who spoke better Celtic than Saxon, and was a bustling helpmate to her good man in tending the huckster's shop, which supplied them with the good things of life. Morgan was a smart, bustling, intelligent-looking man—quiet, supple, and shrewd. He wore the ordinary dress of a country tradesman, was portly and sleek-headed, wore his hair combed flat over his forehead, and looked, generally, like a man difficult to be out-done in a bargain.

These appearances were no false omens. Morgan

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was noted all the country round for his strict attention to business, for the perfect furnitide of his store—in which everything, from an anchor to a needle, a whale to a red-herring, was to be found, and for his accommodating disposition in the matter of bartering these articles for ten-pennies, when they could be had, but with almost equal readiness for butter, pork, or any other agricultural produce, when the ten-pennies were scarce. Morgan was a great man, a very great man in Cahiroiveen, and few, indeed, were the people in the whole County of Kerry who had not heard of Morgan Connell.

Morgan was not a squire, for he was not a Protestant ; and the English had taken the best possible method of preventing the Catholic from becoming an aristocratic religion by taking away every inch of land from those who possessed it, and giving it to the professors of the purer faith. “ Resolved, that the earth is the Lord’s and the fatness thereof—Resolved, that the Lord hath given all things unto his saints—Resolved, that we are his saints—” Such was the syllogistic manner in which an assembly of religious Squatters satisfied their consciences as to the completeness of their title to all the lands they could wrest from the Red Indians, and such was precisely the way in which the conscientious settlers from England had acquired possession of the lands of the savages of Ireland. Connell was one of these savages ; but there were old rumours how his father had been chieftains in their time ; and Morgan Connell, among the multifarious articles of his store,

could sit and con a well-thumbed Virgil: tradition even says that he was wont to draw from a book, written in cabalistic characters, strange stories about those Phœnicians from whom he and many others, who had nothing else to boast of, derived their descent.

Like every crushed and oppressed people, the Irish of that day sought to make up in cunning for the force and power of their oppressors. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Irish, are living witnesses how oppression can stamp a low and skulking cunning of character upon the bravest and most high-spirited nation. Morgan, it is said, was skilful in games of chance, and the Earl of Glandore was his landlord. "Can you play backgammon, Mr. Connell?" asked the Countess of Glandore of her tenant, whose punctuality with his rent had been rewarded by a place at the dinner table of the Protestant Earl. "A leettle, my lady," was the reply. The backgammon board was brought, and the lady, confident in her skill, and not unwilling to *bleed* the substantial tradesman, proposed a good stake. Morgan, however, turned out to be no easy pigeon. Again and again she lost; the backgammon board was exchanged for a pack of cards, and still she lost; the affair grew serious, and so did the Earl, for even Protestant earls were not then afflicted with a plethora of ready money. The luck would not turn, and so the cards were thrown behind the grate, and Mr. Connell was considerate enough to oblige the Earl by taking receipts in advance for

five years' rent instead of ready money. It is said that as Mr. Connell rode homewards upon his pony he was heard at intervals to curse the Saxon interlopers in an under voice, and then to give a chuckle and a slap upon his breast-pocket and mutter, "A leetle, my lady."

When Morgan got home and feasted his eyes in triumph upon the contents of his pocket-book, it is very probable that the first salute he had was from a little broad-faced, pug-nosed, light-headed urchin, who could now just run, and who divided his time between the neighbouring bogs and the store. If this little urchin climbed his knee, it is very probable that his bare boggy feet dirtied the best kickseys in which Mr. Connell had penetrated to the drawing-room of the Countess; and it is just as probable that Connell looked upon him with a feeling akin to that which impelled Amilcar when he led Hannibal to the altar and bound him to eternal hatred to the Romans.*

However, fame says nothing about this, except that Mr. Connell hated the English; and that young, bare-footed, bog-trotting urchin has grown up to be that rather important individual whom I pointed

* The passage in Livy, with which he introduces the story of the vow of Hannibal, is strictly applicable to the relative conditions of England and Ireland at that time:—"Odiis etiam prope majoribus certarunt, quam viribus: Romanis indignantibus, quod victoribus victi ultro inferrent arma (which, however, the Irish did not *openly* do). Pœnis quod superbe avareque crederunt imperitatum victis esse:"—a belief which the Irish certainly shared, and with abundant reason.

out to you just now, good reader, as swaying the passions of the British senate, and speaking with the voice of millions. At this time the young gentleman was, doubtless, much in the way among the brittle commodities of Cahiroiveen; but there was a certain elder brother of Morgan's, who had not descended to trade, nor had dropped the O, and who still kept up the style and title of a gentleman. This person was called "O'Connell of the Hunting Cap," or "Dan of Derrinane." He lived in a large square-built thatched building; and, it is said, managed greatly to augment an exceedingly slender income by doing a little in the smuggling line. "Small blame to him for that," every one of his countrymen must say. England gave him no protection, and he owed her no duty. Dan of Derrinane had no children, and the lately hatched Liberator was heir to this branch of the O'Connell's. He was then taken from the store, placed at school, and received the education of a gentleman. The Orangemen will laugh at this phrase, as many of the Orangemen about Cahiroiveen did at the fact; for, with them, a gentleman means a human being who has landed property. But still, I believe, we, in England, must retain the conviction that, as young Daniel Connell was carefully instructed with a view to a profession, he received the education of a gentleman.

He was at first designed for the Church, and, I believe, he studied at St. Omer's, preparatory to taking the vows. Accident, however, prevented

this ; and, in an evil hour for the glorious Protestant Ascendancy, he transferred his allegiance from the Church to the Bar. " He would have made a splendid Jesuit," says some Colonel Perceval, or Lord Dungannon, as he reads this passage and expectorates a sigh of regret. No doubt, he would ; he would have been splendid in any rank which afforded room for action. Had he taken orders, he would have been, without doubt, at this moment Archbishop of Dublin, and scarcely less powerful than he is as Member for Dublin. But it was not so destined. In 1794 he became member of Lincoln's Inn ; in the books of which society his name is still to be seen written " Daniel Connell."

During the four years which followed, and while he was keeping the terms necessary to qualify him for practice in the Hall of the four Courts, it is probable that his uncle died. This may have been the reason why, in 1798, he was called to the Bar by that society as Daniel O'Connell. Whatever the reason, the books testify to the fact, and Daniel returned to Ireland qualified at all points to wear a wig and gown, and spend his money in posting after the Judges.

The Irish genealogists put great value upon this great O, and Connell's assumption of it was mightily questioned. A certain set of O'Connell's, who were a highly *respectable* family by reason of possessing certain acres, no matter how got or how kept, declared that the newly O'd barrister was no relation of theirs ; and O'Connell replied that he

"thanked Heaven he was not," and bade them "keep their renunciation till he showed a disposition to claim kindred with them." He, however, was tenacious of his assumed prejunct. Upon his first circuit, Jerry Killer, a fellow stuffed as full of jokes as one of Morell's *dindons aux-truffles*, called out to him at the dinner table, "Connell, I'll take wine with you."

To this challenge there was no answer, and it was repeated—"Connell, I'll be glad to take wine with you."

"Sirrr," said the junior, "if it's *may* that you mane, my name's O Connell, and not Connell."

"Well, then, Misther O Connell," rejoined Killer, "will your Oship condescend to take wine with a man without an O before his name? Though, by the powers, ye make me think of my prosody—

'O datur ambiguus _____'

and, while I'm about it, I may just finish the line—as I think it ends with

'_____ prisci breviare solebant.'"

How O'Connell endured the roar of laughter that must have followed I cannot tell; but, certainly, never was there a quotation so felicitous and perfect in its application. He was not a man, however, to be daunted much by a joke. How his talents became known fame does not tell us, but known they certainly very soon were. Notwithstanding the established reputation and the undoubted talent of many of his competitors, he soon acquired a

name, as a Nisi Prius lawyer, which opened to him a vista of ambition which was terminated only by the Irish Woolsack. One thing only kept him from it—his religion. That was an impediment which O'Connell was not inclined to avoid by means of a conversion, so he immediately applied himself to the task of hurling it out of his path.

Now commenced the great labour of his life; that mighty labour, which, now accomplished, has conferred upon him an immortality. It was a vast thing for a young lawyer, without aristocratic connexions, with no party to back him, with all the wealthy and the noble of his own country, and the whole of England, violently hostile—even to think of. It was an attempt which the common herd of men would, and did, term madness. Probably they were right. Genius, when applied to such things, is very nearly akin to madness. When a man devotes himself to an enterprise extravagantly grand he appears to others either a madman or a demigod, according as his fortune and his powers turn out to be proportionate to his design; and this is what he cannot himself tell when he sets out.

The ardent, sanguine, zealous spirit of O'Connell saw nothing to despair of. He had, indeed, no party—no supporters; he was, as he has since declared, quite alone; left to gesticulate to the air and to harangue nearly empty benches. He was pished at as an empty-pated fellow, and, if it had been possible that he could be put down, he would have been extinguished in his first campaign. He

only changed his operations. His reputation upon the circuit was supreme ; he made use of it to commence his agitation. In every circuit town he could gather a crowd, and O'Connell took care that the crowd should never disperse without implanting in every individual's breast a conviction which should spread far and wide—that the one sole source of all the evils under which Ireland laboured was the want of Catholic Emancipation.

With O'Connell to harangue, and an ignorant audience to listen, who can wonder that the effects soon became apparent ! The Catholic gentlemen had striven for themselves, but they had never thought of enlisting *the people* in their cause. O'Connell first appealed to *them*, and they answered him with shouts of welcome and confidence. Thus was the ground broken.

It is not within my province to narrate how the snowball, thus set in motion, gathered as it rolled. A history of the struggle which ended in Catholic Emancipation would be, indeed, a most interesting work, but it is not one which can be compressed within the limits to which I am confined. The hand which created the engine never for a moment lost the guidance of it. Other men have called a power into being great as that which O'Connell evoked, and then, terrified at what they had done, suffered the spirit to depart unquestioned, or else resigned the office of commanding it to firmer hands. O'Connell looked upon it unabashed, and with familiar gaze ; and no sooner had obtained

power over it than he used it at once to do his bidding.

Now shone forth his extraordinary practical genius, his great and ready resources, his imperturbable presence of mind, his unslumbering activity, his wonderful capabilities for action. Now did he organize his associations, which he employed as the fuglemen of agitation ; and when these were assembled, chosen as they were from all Catholic Ireland for their talent, zeal, and impudence, the talent, zeal, and impudence of all Ireland was compelled to bow to O'Connell as the master-spirit. This was a dangerous crisis of his career. Many shrewd men would have avoided it, many able men would have sunk beneath it. Nothing but a thorough consciousness of his own intrinsic superiority could have tempted him to risk it—nothing but the complete possession of that superiority could have sustained him through the experiment. If, among the whole multitude which formed the Catholic Association, a greater than O'Connell had been found, that greater man would have torn the wreath from O'Connell's brow, and would have usurped the place of the leader of the movement. In affairs such as this success is the true meter of greatness—the leader is always the master-mind.

One incident there is which occurred about this time that may not be passed over unnoticed, since it has had a most powerful influence on his career. I allude to his duel with D'Esterre, in the year 1815.

O'Connell was then fighting one of his early battles with the Dublin Corporation ; and, at a public meeting in behalf of Catholic Emancipation, he fixed upon it the appellative of " the beggarly Corporation." D'Esterre, a vain young man of respectable connections, suffered himself to be persuaded that this was a good opportunity of commencing operations in the Irish way of fighting himself into notice. He wrote a letter to O'Connell, asking him if he had used the words reported of him ; and O'Connell told him, in reply, that no words that he could use could adequately convey his contempt of the Corporation of Dublin.

The next letter O'Connell sent back unopened, and little D'Esterre trotted about in a fume, threatening to horsewhip the Liberator. Every carman in Dublin knew that there was to be a fight between big Dan and the little Corporator, but a week passed, and nothing was heard about it. D'Esterre and his friends had threatened bravely, but had sent no message.

Now the Irish boys are the last fellows in the world to be quietly baulked of their fun. They kicked up such a row that the Corporation saw it was absolutely necessary to put forward their champion ; and at length Sir Edward Stanley delivered the long-expected message. It was at once accepted. The men met about thirteen miles from Dublin, near Lord Ponsonby's seat, and were put up at ten paces' distance. They had two pistols each given them, and were told to fire away when

they liked. They fired nearly at the same moment — D'Esterre's ball fell short, and he received O'Connell's in the thigh, and fell. A few days afterwards, the wound proved mortal.

O'Connell is said to have behaved with great tenderness to his adversary after he was down, and to have felt great horror at having been the instrument of his death. Perhaps D'Esterre is to be pitied, for he was young, vain, and foolish ; but he certainly allowed himself to be put forward as the bully of a knot of blood-thirsty scoundrels, who wished to have a formidable enemy taken off, and had not the courage to do it themselves.

O'Connell's resolution was not *then* taken never to fight another duel ; but we may readily suppose that his hatred to duelling would date from the moment he heard of D'Esterre's death. In the course of the task which he had marked out for himself he could not help making a multitude of enemies, nor was it possible he could survive if he pitted his life against that of every brawler who sought to get himself into notice by killing him. To such a man as O'Connell a resolution against duelling was absolutely necessary to the steady pursuit of his great object—the Emancipation of his Catholic countrymen.

That resolution he made, and has kept—he has kept it through all the galling and contradictory reproaches of the Tory press, one day calling him O'Connell of the Bloody Hand, at another stigmatizing him as a runagate and a coward. O'Connell

cares little for these things ; but the great proof of his master-talent is that he has dared to make and keep such a resolution as this in the face of the prejudices of the Irish, who, of all nations in the world, are the most ready to raise the laugh of derision against the man who should refuse to fight when called upon. It will be a noble line of panegyric upon O'Connell's tomb, that " among a nation of duellists he made and kept a resolution against duelling, yet incurred not their contempt, nor lost their love."

Not yet, however, was O'Connell's influence at its height. He could excite and sway the multitude ; but they knew him only as a bold, adventurous leader. It was the contest which ensued between the Catholic Association and the British Parliament which inspired all Ireland with that thorough confidence in the skill and caution of their leader which sunk so deep in the minds of his countrymen that where he led they followed, secure, not only of victory, but also of safety. The resources of his mind appeared inexhaustible. No sooner had an act of the British Parliament struck the Association down in one form than, Proteus-like, it sprung up again in another ; and so cool and cautious was this sanguine man of genius, that never did he afford one of his multitudinous and ever-watchful enemies an opportunity of entangling either him or his followers in the meshes of the law. The people saw him parry Act of Parliament after Act, by his profound legal acumen, until they

laughed at Acts of Parliament ; and, while O'Connell was at their head, they looked with little terror to what the people at Westminster might do. Never was there such a terrible fellow for driving coaches and six through Acts of Parliament as this same Daniel O'Connell.

This it was which completed his influence. He had inspired a faith and confidence—not only an enthusiastic love, but also a settled, quiet foundation of implicit confidence, such as nation never before reposed in a single man. A mixture of generally incompatible sentiments, which no man but one possessed of those rarely-combined qualities of genius and caution could have deserved or obtained. Such sentiments he had inspired, and I question whether even the clearest demonstration of treachery could now eradicate them.

His election for Clare, and the great scene which ensued, when he stood the chief figure in the grand historical picture, battling against the whole House of Commons, thundering at its portals, and carrying the war even within its walls ; this scene it is not for me to paint. I allude to it only to show what was then the giant growth of his power. This, which sober, short-sighted men censured as useless and extravagant, was a great stroke of policy, and effected more than could have been done by fifty public meetings or a thousand petitions. The commons saw the enemy among them. The roar no longer came upon them in echoes faintened by a distance of four hundred miles—it was there, pre-

sent in their own chamber. The leader of the movement dared them in the citadel of their power. Then came the consummation, the breaking down of the barriers—the triumph of the great cause which O'Connell had singly taken up when it appeared hopeless and without adherents. The Protestant Ascendency fortifications fell in a moment, like the fall of scenic ramparts at the finale of a melodrama; and O'Connell marched in, as the Devil usually does upon such occasions, equipped with a most portentous tail.

Here I might leave him. When the son of the huckster walked into the House of Commons as the Member for Waterford, after beating the Beresfords upon their own ground, he might have felt that the business of his life was accomplished, and that he could hope for no new accession of glory. The liberator of his country, and the emperor of all Irish hearts, could hope to arrive at no higher altitude. He had done enough for a single life.

Such might have been some men's feeling—such was Earl Grey's, under somewhat similar circumstances—but O'Connell's *practical* mind entertained no such idea. To him what he had already gained offered only the advantage of a higher ground, where he might start afresh with greater prospects of practical advantage. His line of action was now changed, and we have here a beautiful specimen of the versatility and extent of his powers.

At his entrance into the House of Commons his style of oratory was altogether unsuited to obtain

attention from that assembly. He came there habituated to all the clap-trap which tells so well from a hustings. Every subject which came before the House brought him upon his legs, and even a turn-pike-road bill presented him an opportunity which he could not resist of sliding into a bit of declamation about "the Repale of the Union." Not a pause could occur but what O'Connell got up to inform *Mr. Spaker* that he had "a *petecetion to presint.*"—The great Liberator was subsiding into a noisy bore.

O'Connell's quick perception caught the crisis. He had changed his style of oratory from that of the bar to that of the hustings; he now had another to learn, and one which lives are often passed in a vain attempt to acquire. At this time he was laughed at and cited as a new example of the hitherto unerring rule—that "a great demagogue out of doors becomes a very minute pigmy in St. Stephen's." The newspapers jeered him without mercy, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, then, I believe, under the editorship of Bulwer, drew a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between him and Hunt, awarding the place of honour to the blacking-merchant.

The acuteness of O'Connell had shown him that he had now to drill himself to a perfectly new system of tactics; that monotonous violence was no longer suited to his audience; and that, while he imbued his speeches with sufficient bitterness to make them interesting, he must identify them in their purport with the sympathies of some great party in the House. I think it was his motion for a repeal of the Union that first completely taught him his

lesson. Since then he has never neglected it. He appeared at once to catch the spirit of the House ; he seemed to know, as well as Peel himself, what would tell in that assembly ; and although his hits were, of course, made in a very different manner, they were as successful as those of the Tory leader who speaks as though he had been born there and dry-nursed by a Speaker. He keeps his wild theories and strange conceits of equality of representation to his "hereditary bondsmen" letters, and to his Corn Exchange harangues. In the House of Commons he is as skilful an intriguer, as fine a shuffler, and as careful an observer of the business routine work of the House as Lord John Russell himself. Thus he is going on at this moment. What his objects are I do not profess to be able to penetrate. I doubt whether he can define them even to himself. One thing is certain, that agitation has grown so habitual to him that he will continue to agitate as long as he continues to breathe. If he had taken the Chief Justiceship, which was offered him, he could not have lived two years, any more than a confirmed opium-eater could live without opium.

I have before remarked that the fact of his being able thus to change his policy, in order to render himself effective in the House of Commons, and still to retain his influence out of doors, is a proof of practical powers of managing a democracy such as are without example either in ancient or modern times. He is now as great a favourite with the House of Commons as he was with his clients

M

upon circuit, or with a crowd at the Corn Exchange.

That the man who has done all this must be a master-spirit in his age cannot admit of doubt ; that he acquired his power fairly and meritoriously will hardly admit of discussion. Whether, however, he has used it to the best possible purpose will be much disputed. That personal ambition first started him upon his course I have no doubt, nor is this anything to his discredit. I would not give an atom of chaff for the assistance of a public man who is inaccessible to personal ambition ; but I question whether that personal ambition has not been made by O'Connell the sole object, instead of only *one object*, of his acts. Ireland has yet to ask why he sacrificed the forty-shilling freeholders ? and O'Connell, let him abuse the catechist as he may, can render no sufficient reply.

O'Connell is a man whose acts and motives will be scrutinised by posterity with microscopic industry ; and I question not that the result will be that, while they give him credit for a wonderful and admirable capacity, they will say that he was the advocate of a class, not of a country—that he wielded with a mighty arm the whole population of Ireland, but directed their efforts, not to the general amelioration of the condition of the Catholic, whether gentleman or peasant, but exclusively to the obtaining of certain advantages for Irish Catholic gentlemen. I doubt whether there is at this moment

a peasant in all Ireland who is rendered one whit the better for all O'Connell's public labours.

In private life I believe he is a very magnificent fellow, and keeps up the old Irish hospitality at Derrynane in glorious style. No Englishman whether Whig, Tory, Radical or Chartist, need hesitate to knock at his door. King Dan is the representative of the country, and he does the honours of hospitality for her. The *Times* has made it a serious charge against the *Liberator* that he entices Englishmen into his den, and drowns them in Whiskey Toddy. I may, possibly, yet, myself, beat up his quarters some day, and toss off a tumbler to "O'Connell of the Hunting Cap."

THE
MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

“The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of furious bigots to despise ;
To scatter plenty o’er a famished land,
And read his history in a nation’s eyes,
His lot has granted.”

LET me present to you, reader, a man who has become, in rather an unexpected manner, a very great card in the political pack.

Dark and interesting, with pale and sallow cheeks, and with luxuriant and naturally curling locks, and in the prime of life, is the personage whom I would point out to your notice. I cannot recommend him to you as a man whose front bespeaks commanding intellect, or whose presence tells of the habit of command. You would not suppose him to be a man of a great mind ; but you would readily vouch that he is a man of elegant taste : he by no means embodies your idea of a ruler of men ; but he exactly matches your conception of a delicately minded and finished gentleman. Look at him as he sits upon that bench, the Ministerial side of the House of Lords. There is an easy grace in his manner which shows you that he is perfectly at home where he is, and would, in all probability, be perfectly at home wherever he might happen to find

himself. He is the antipodes of *gaucherie*, and it must be evident to every tyro in physiognomy that he would in any station acquit himself most creditably in all the proprieties appertaining to that station. Now, listen to him : he has risen to speak. He is courteous—as you felt that he must be. He is fluent in speech, elegant in language, figurative, flowery, pretty. There is nothing in any way absurd—nothing to offend your taste—not a syllable that you could cavil at or insist upon being recalled. There is much point in many things he has said ; and, being armed with much information upon this particular subject, he is able to turn aside all that the men who preceded him have been advancing. There was no great difficulty in this, to be sure. The rabid bull-dog style in which they attacked him made you feel, as you listened to them, that they were rushing at random ; that they were running amuck, like mad Malays, and neither knew nor cared whether what they said was true or false.

But, if they run at him like bull-dogs, he by no means gores or tosses them like a baited bull. He rather pats them aside with a velvet paw, and lays them upon their back in a gentle and most delicate manner. There is an immense deal of the *suaviter in modo* about him ; but, if you *think*, as you listen, there is a considerable quantity of the *fortiter in re*. You see, poor Roden is howling dismally from that tender pat he got upon his leaden pate ; Kenyon has got a nasty scratch down his visage ; poor Ellenborough has been demolished by a switch

of his tail, and even that more cautious old dog, Lyndhurst, has put his candal continuation between his legs, and is walking demurely away. Interesting and quiet and gentlemanly as he looks, fine and flowery as is his style of talking, you find he is not exactly the person to be bullied. He twists them round as easily and swimmingly as he would their wives and daughters in the *salle à danser*, and he lays them upon their back with the most ineffable ease—but to this the simile does not extend.

Still, you would say that he is a skilful, polished, and gentlemanly man, but by no means a *great* man. A man of tact and talent, but not a man to hold any strong influence over a country's destinies; a man to glide through obstacles, not to force down opposition; a man to win and to persuade, not to command and to compel obedience. Such a man, I believe, you would judge him to be, reader, if you saw and heard him in the House; and such a man, I, who have seen and heard him often, and who know his character pretty well, believe him to be in reality.

Yet this wavy-haired, skilful, interesting-looking man is the saviour of Ireland—the chosen object of the liberator's panegyrics—the man after whom all the buxom matrons of the green isle are christening their brats Mulgrave, instead of Pat or Looney—the man whom every bog-trotter in Erin would die to save from having his toe trodden upon by a Beresford, or from having a lock of his hair shot

away by an Orange policeman. He is the only man who, since the time of Lord Essex, has governed Ireland, and yet been loved by Irishmen—the only thing upon two legs which the English Government has ever sent over to that country except to be execrated. Upon that man the hopes of that island hung—upon his countenance, as their ruler, the inhabitants of that country rested all their hopes of justice or protection, and even now that he has left them they look over the water to him with fervent confidence and gratitude. If his interests required it, there is not a bare-legged spalpeen throughout her water who would not leap headforemost into her deepest bog to do him service.

There is something more than meets the eye in this. Normanby is not the man to acquire an influence such as this in a wholesome state of society. He is not—but Irish society is not in a wholesome state. He occupies a position which has generally been held by men who might have taken to themselves the title of Oppressor-General of the Irish people. They it was who protected the most cruel faction that ever existed in any country, while they plundered the whole people, and galled them with the most rankling insults. If an Orange landlord cleared his estates—estates which had probably been torn from an Irish chieftain for some trumped-up charge of treason, and given to a needy out-cast from England, who was, perhaps, the grandfather of the present possessor—if this Orangeman, I say, chose to clear his estates while the snow lay deep

upon the ground, and turn forth the peasantry from the slender shelter of their thatched cottages to shiver to death upon the frozen ground, and to be buried by the driving sleet—if it was his pleasure to do so, who but the Lord-Lieutenant should he apply to, to give immediate effect to his resolve! Were such a thing to occur in England, public opinion would denounce the tyrant. The man who saw his children and their mother perish before his eyes would be held morally justified if he were to carry a bloody retaliation home to the heart of the miscreant who had murdered his little ones. Such would be our ideas in England, and, consequently, in England such things never occur. But they managed things far otherwise in Ireland. There public opinion did not exist: bayonets and ball cartridges forbade any shew of resistance; and, if the rumour of the affair reached the Castle, it was highly applauded as a most judicious method of improving the estates. For centuries the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland have been the mainspring of a system which placed at the command of every Orange landlord an armed force with which to work his will upon every one around him.

Normanby has simply changed this system. His only merit is that, instead of holding the Papists bound, and setting on the Orangemen to plunder and insult them, he cried, "Hold off!" to both parties; he confined the oppressor to his strict legal rights: and he restrained the wild justice of the oppressed. He did not recognize in the Protestants

the salt of the earth, nor did he look upon the Catholics as hewers of wood and drawers of water. He strove to look upon the parties as equal, and to govern them with impunity.

We can imagine very well what a noise such a revolution as this would make in a place like Ireland. Imagine what a pretty state of things there would have been in Sparta if Licurgus had ordered the citizens to manumit their helots. Some such horror seized the Protestant church people of Ireland when they found that the complaints of the Papishes were listened to by their new governor ; and that it was become, positively, almost as great a crime for a Churchman to rob or ill-treat one of the wild Papishes, as it was for a Papish to rob or ill-treat a Churchman. This is a condition of society of which both parties had no former experience. The wondering Papists were intoxicated with joy, and were ready to fall down and worship the man who had pursued a line of conduct that appears to us Englishmen, and no doubt to Normanby himself, to be so natural, but which seems to them to be something unprecedented and extraordinary. The Orange pack, who have been lapping their jaws in blood all their lives, as their sires did before them, cannot imagine why they are muzzled, and why their own natural prey should be taken from them. They howl like hungry hyænas under their restraint, and grin forth their impotent revenge against the man who restrains them. Let them howl on—we cannot tame them—but we can strengthen their chain.

By tact and talent, Normanby was well qualified for the office he held, and well qualified to carry out the principle upon which he undertook it. A little favour and a little chastisement to each, so adroitly administered that the scales might remain at all times in an exact state of equipoise. Nothing violent—nothing severe—nothing that might give great joy to either as a triumph to be emblazoned upon their party banners. The *suaviter in modo* was still his style; and here the *fortiter* is by far less apparent. Perhaps he thought that if he were to run after and cane every puppy that barked at him he should lose a great deal of time and gain no great accession of dignity. Very likely he was right. It is difficult to judge a man's conduct, in these matters of taste, without hearing his own account of his reasons for having so acted. If a fool like Charleville, or a silly dreamer like Oxmantown, chooses to mix up an olio of impertinence and falsehood and place it before him, perhaps he is right in rebuking them haughtily, instead of chastising them upon the spot. For my part, however, I think what Chatham, or Pitt, or Wellington, or what half-a-dozen other men of strong minds would have done, and I remain convinced that Normanby is rather a skilful than a great man.

It was a happy chance that gave the Whigs Lord Mulgrave as a Viceroy of Ireland. When they hit upon him for Lord-Lieutenant the greater proportion even of the political world knew nothing at all about him, except that he had been rather an unsuccessful

governor of Jamaica. Of those who did not know his name, some remembered that he was in the habit of voting with Ministers, and others remembered reading certain novels, called "Yes and No," "Matilda," and some others, which they met with upon the tables of their club-houses, and learned afterwards from the *Literary Gazette* that these were the offspring of the fancy of one Henry Constantine Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave. Up to this time the noble Earl had been much more accustomed to write verses in annuals, or compliments in albums, than protests in the Journals of the House of Lords. He had spoken with cleverness, but with no great power—his novel-writing was rather against him; but whether he had anything in him, or not, no one could say. The Whigs took him, just as the Tories took Sir Arthur Wellesley—knowing nothing more of him than that he had family interest—he turned out a prize, and the Whigs are glorified accordingly. It was a desire to give eclat to this successful move that induced the Whigs to give this Lord-Lieutenant a step in the Peerage, and to make the Earl of Mulgrave the Marquis of Normanby.

While I write, the Marquis is secretary for the Colonies; if he knows how to play his own game he will be in a short time Premier, and that too with the full assent of Lord Melbourne and all his friends. I know not how the belief has got abroad that he is fit to head a strong Liberal Cabinet, and to draw all Reformers about him; certain however it is that it has become prevalent, and that if Normanby pleases

he may verify it. He is one of the six men in the Empire who can, if they will, permanently save the Queen and the country from the Tories.

The Marquis is of an Anglo-Irish race. The records of his family commence with a man who invented the diving-bell, and fished up the contents of a galleon from the bottom of the sea. Then, he had an ancestor who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and he has some bastard Stuart blood in his veins, which he gets from a natural daughter of James the Second, by the celebrated Catherine Sedley. In fact he is of very respectable descent for an English noble, who, as a class, are the most mongrel, misbegotten, *parvenu* set that ever existed as a caricature upon the fooleries of feudalism.

DR. PHILPOTTS,

BISHOP OF EXETER.

"Illustrissimi Cardinales egent illustrissimâ reformatione."

IF I were a painter, and would study nature for a face that might serve for that of a Grand Inquisitor, I should fix with enthusiasm upon that of Henry Philpotts, Lord Bishop of Exeter.

This is indeed a visage worthy of study; there is nothing about it to strike the vulgar—no sharp, fierce, glaring eye—no upcurled lip—no trace of furious passion. No; it is not one of your Coburg Theatre ruffians; but still it is that of a man with whom I could never cordially coalesce either in the business or the pleasures of life. I should avoid him from intuition—I should feel that he must be an uncertain friend and a fatal foe. If there is any good thing in him beyond the ordinary every-day conventional morality which interest dictates and habits must have rivetted, then is Lavater an idiot, and the expression of the human face but an idle dream.

Note the man as he walks the streets, disencumbered of the starched flummery which, in the House of Lords, makes you look upon him only

as one of the line of episcopal old women, whose appearance seems to excuse the question of the foreigner, "Whether those were the Peeresses in their own right, of whom he had heard?" Look at him as he hangs on the arm of Lord Dinorben, or tip-toes to whisper into the ear of Sir Robert Peel. In stature he is low, and, despite his silk apron and broad hat, puny and insignificant. But his face—it is that which is described only by our best novelists, and associated with the character of a cool, calculating plotter; its outline is hardy, sharp, and angular; it is fleshless—it appears bloodless. It seems impregnated with the starch of stoicism—there is no flexibility in it, no varying expression. The muscles look to be disciplined to a severe immobility—to keep a rigid guard that no sentiment of the heart, no sudden emotion of the breast, should rise there and throw its image on the countenance. It might be supposed to have been cast in a mould set to strict propriety—the very shape of the whisker, short, sharp, and angular, is thoroughly in character, and aids the formal expression. The hue of those cheeks is pale and colourless, the nose is prominent, the cheek bones high—the mouth is rigid, with that expression of determination which is produced by a custom of setting the teeth firmly together.

But, colourless and motionless as is this man's face, it is not of that description which expresses apathy and vacancy of mind; there is no passion in his face, but that does not vouch that there is

none in the heart which lies beneath. It reminds me of the cold, sharp, rigid surface of an Alpine glacier which, seen at a distance, appears part of the motionless solitude. Those only who have proved it by near inspection know that that icy surface covers deep and unfathomable caverns in which a thousand torrents thunder in their mysterious course.

Philpotts is, I should say, a man of strong passions naturally. These have not been rendered weaker from the necessity which his profession has imposed upon him for restraining their open expression; their careful pruning has strengthened them at the root, while it has prevented our perceiving them in any luxuriance of growth. He is a man, also, of great talent, of considerable acquirements, and of a mind as well disciplined as his face. Cool, crafty, cunning, and persevering, he watches the moment of advantage like the wary fencer, who gently feels the point of his adversary's weapon with his own, and patiently waits for an opportunity to lunge with effect. If a man is not enthusiastically zealous, let him beware of Exeter—were his intentions and powers those of an archangel, that marble-faced man will be sure to get him by some means into a false position. When he is thus placed, let him expect no mercy. Exeter will denounce him in the most gentle and oily tones, but the oil will be *boiling*; he will smile in his face while he thrusts his hand beneath his cloak to pluck out his heart—that is to say, he will insinuate

a charge sufficiently grave, if true, to drive the accused from all society,* in a tone so gentle and dulcet that you would swear, if you did not hear the words, that he was eulogising him as his very worthy and highly estimable friend.

Is not this the man to make a Grand Inquisitor under favouring circumstances? He has all the conscientious pride and arrogance, the bigotry and the stoicism, necessary for the office. He is quite capable, I make no doubt, of that holy theological hatred which would be necessary to bear him through his duties. He would, I am sure, if the ordinances of the church should compel him to prescribe the thumb-screws, do so with a mildness of voice that, if his victim should happen to be a foreigner, would give him to understand that he was wishing him a pleasant afternoon; nor, as the rack did its work, should I expect to see his sense of duty conquered, or a shade of expression either of pity, sympathy, or exultation, upon his priestly countenance. One tithe of the hatred which Philpotts bears to the Irish Catholics would (under the benign reign of that Ferdinand who established the Inquisition for the benefit of the souls of the Jews and Moors, and also with an eye to his own treasury) have been sufficient to kindle faggot fires in every hamlet throughout Spain. I can find no point of difference between this arrogant, meddling, dulcet-toned priest and those of whom we read in the histories of the intrigues of the old Spanish Court. He has crawled through the usual narrow

* *Ex. gr.* his famous perjury charge against the Irish members.

portals of servility ; he has served that usual apprenticeship of degradation which the majority of our bishops have always undergone ; and from being about the great in the capacity of private tutor—a person who, with the rank and education of a gentleman, is looked upon by our haughty aristocracy something in the light of a nondescript menial, and is especially despised by every rotund butler—he became a furious pamphleteering parson, with a good steady breeze in his favour, and a right good will to try its power. Following with humble fervour the precepts of Ignatius Loyola, even as Tomas de Torquemada, and his successors of the brotherhood of St. Hermandad did before him, he saw that the great thing to be desired was his own advancement ; and that the means to this great end were but of little consequence. Long did he labour in the pleasing task of breaking, every now and then, a phial of the true concentrated odium theologicum upon the Irish Catholics ; and, as his talent was great, as his skill in the use of all the weapons that the schools can sharpen, if they cannot supply, was perfect ; and, above all, as his heart was in the cause, his hot hatred branded where it fell, and he became a man of note as a Protestant champion.

This was very well so far as it went, and as long as the cathedral chase was in this direction, Philpotts was among the foremost in the field. He had a mind just equal to the task—a mind through which his bigotry gushed with a power and force proportioned to the narrowness of the channel. What

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Canning could never do well, and soon gave up all wish to do at all—what Lyndhurst felt too much contempt to do, Philpotts did with ease and vigour, and his pamphlets were adopted as the metal whence the Protestant orators beat out the gilding of their orations. Now was he in the straight path for a bishoprick—a few more strides and it would be his own! At this moment, however, a fatal revolution occurred in his prospects; the mitre suddenly shifted its position, and, instead of appearing right a-head, shone at a very considerable distance a-stern of the place whence he had set out. At this moment it was that the Dictator issued his orders to his vassals to give up all the positions which they occupied. Who does not remember the consternation that then reigned among the Tories? All the men who were accustomed to cram their speeches from the Philpott tracts waited, with breathless expectation, for the magnificent burst of eloquence which should call down fire from Heaven to annihilate the Duke and his Ministry. Alas! they waited in vain. Philpotts was silent. Cerberus had received his sop, and barked no more. After some time, while all these idealess creatures were waiting for their cram, there was, indeed, an announcement of a pamphlet by Philpotts, and they all met by a common rush in Rivingtons' shop; but, Heyday, they had asked for a fish and had received a serpent. The new tract was a regular palinodia, a formal recantation of all former opinions, and a very forcible statement of the very arguments

he had before denounced. The disgusted Philpottians were not much surprised when an early *Gazette* announced that Doctor Philpotts had become Bishop of Exeter.

The fish was caught. Now, to lord it episcopally. It would have been contrary to human nature had not the Right Reverend Father in God now shown himself as arrogant and arbitrary to those below him as he had before been subservient and cringing to the dispenser of mitres. While this sheet is passing through the press, the Right Reverend Prelate is asserting in the House of Lords the divine right of Bishops, and is reprimanding his brethren because they do not cheer the doctrine as loudly as he could wish. I have no doubt the curates of the Exeter diocese are paid and governed by a divine right, and therefore with a divinely delegated wisdom. However, if I had the choice, I would much rather be footboy to a valetudinary.

In the House of Lords, Exeter proved an exception to the rule that an effective pamphleteer is generally a very inefficient speaker. His imperturbable coolness, and his mild and oily impudence, sustained him as a speaker, and he introduced into that house a system of what the *Times* elegantly terms "enormous lying," which quite astonished the noble Lords, until some of his particular friends saw the use of it and patronised the practice. The *Chronicle* has recently asserted that more lies have been brought home to the Bishop of Exeter than to any other public man now alive. Perhaps it is wrong to call

these strange accusations lies, but it is generally known that every one who has a tale to tell calculated to advance any cause in which Philpotts is engaged, has only to hand it over to him, and it will come forth in the best possible manner. Coming from a Right Reverend Father in God, of course it would be sacrilege to doubt its truth, and it makes its impression, and is settled as a fact in the public mind. If the Bishop's informant should have been so impious as to deceive his Right Reverence, why the sin is at his door—and fortunately the statement has had its effect before the contradiction can arrive. Perhaps a huger series of unfounded imputations were never uttered than those which issued from the mouth of Philpotts against Archbishop Whately and the Irish Education Commissioners, except, perhaps, those which from the same source assailed the Poor Law Commissioners.

We have lately had a fresh specimen of Philpotts' style of acting. Whether Head, the rector of Feniton, is right or wrong I do not know, and feel no disposition to inquire—that he is a foolish, weak man I believe every one must admit. Exeter has completely demolished him. In his cool way, he first privately bullied the poor craven into retraction and submission, and then set him in a church among all his brethren, and rated him as a Scotch parson would a sinner on the penance stool. Unfortunately, however, the vulgarity of mind of the Bishop became too plain. He talked as a gentleman should not talk, particularly to a

humbled foe. He called the rector, who was, at worst, only an honest fool, by implication a liar, and even more than by implication a slanderer; conduct which, if it had been pursued by a layman, would justly enough subject him to the pains and penalties of brawling in the church. By this he raised in the mind of all rational men nothing but a feeling of disgust, and changed his triumph into a disgrace!

Such is the best modern specimen extant of a thorough-paced churchman—such is the nineteenth century's edition of the most plotting and successful of the class of confessors of the sixteenth century. Such is the patron of the "Oxford Tract" school—the man who, while he inveighs against the Papists because they would endanger his temporalities, is doing his utmost to lead the Church of England back to the most slavish of the doctrines of Popery, and to arrogate to the priesthood all that Rome even claimed for her Pope. Thank Heaven, the time is gone by when such men as these can succeed in their monstrous pretensions; but they can, nevertheless, create much mischief, cause many dissensions, destroy the harmony which is necessary to good government, and raise the worst and wildest of all discord—that which proceeds from superstitious fanaticism. Yet these men are holy, and the Church, of which they appear to be the natural offspring, is sacred! Where, except in England, would men like this, by virtue merely of their episcopal office, be

suffered to vote in one branch of the legislature of a popular government ?

On, on, Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter ! It was men such as you who provoked the Reformation. A few more of your caste in the present day will serve to reduce the whole class of clergymen to what would be their proper level in a wholesome state of society.

In private life I have heard that Philpotts's good qualities overcome his bad ones, and make him a very estimable man. I know nothing of him in his private capacity, and no doubt it is so.

DR. WHATELY,
ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side ;
All which, by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.—BUTLER.

IN the preparation of these sketches I value myself chiefly on my impartiality. I last presented my readers with a character from the episcopal bench which was not altogether calculated to raise it in popular estimation ; and, to make things square with our dear Mother Church, I shall pick out from among her high dignitaries one against whom no evil has been said, except what she has uttered herself.

Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, is a man of whom any profession or any class of men might be proud. Of the whole Episcopal Bench he is the only man whose existence will forty years hence be remembered. Those who choose to condemn themselves to the heaviest and most unprofitable of all reading may, perchance, see Exeter's

name, as they turn over an old volume of Hansard, and wonder who it was that displayed so much zeal upon the law of bastardy ; future idlers at the universities may possibly declare that " Blomfield's Thucydides" is an excellent cram-book, and give a benison to his memory—just as Bolingbroke thanked God for makers of Dictionaries ; but beyond these there is not absolutely a man upon the English bench of bishops who is known for any one quality—good, bad, or indifferent—which pre-supposes the possession of something like talent.

Whately first became known to me by his article on Logic, in the " Encyclopedia Metropolitana," some years ago, which struck me, as I read it, as being the production of a mind kindred with that of the mighty Stagyrte who laid the first foundations of this science—for, in spite of Aldrich, a science it is. No man who did not possess genius of a very high order could have written this work. Boys in caps and gowns may be taught to gabble Greek—and so may parrots. By the Blomfield question and answer system, as we have it in the Bishop's edition of " Thucydides," they may be even enabled to *get up* " Aristotle"—and so, also, I believe, might a parrot ; but to *understand* this mighty master, to comprehend his tremendous powers of analysis, to follow him close as he rushes into some hitherto-untrodden region of thought, seizes the chaotic elements around him with the force of a god, reduces them all to order, and builds a bridge

across the dark profound which all who come after him may cross in safety—to do this requires an effort of intellect which few indeed of the numbers who come up every year from Oxford, rich in supplementary letters of the alphabet, were destined by nature to perform. This Whately has done; and he has done it so well that he has left no room for any to succeed him. If this were all he had done—if his Rhetoric, which I look upon as comparatively a failure—his Political Economy—his Historic Doubts, and his other writings had never appeared, his Logic alone would have given him a character, as a scientific writer, far in order of intellect above the pamphlet-mongers, the choppers of Greek roots, and the plagiarists of German grammarians, by whom he is surrounded.

This, however, is not greatly to our purpose in speaking of Whately as a politician, unless to show the character of the man's mind, the nature of his powers, and the utter absurdity of lumps of cambric and calico, such as his brother-bishops, sneering at such a man.

The Whigs found Whately possessed of the trifling preferment of the principalship of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, where he was "teaching the young idea how to shoot" with great perseverance and ability, but no great success—for St. Alban's, like several other of the Halls, had for many years been one of those places where those men went who did *not* wish to read, and had no great love of discipline. A dozen Whatelys could not have done much with

such a place ; and he had no great cause for regret when the Whigs took him from his hall, and sent him to Ireland as Archbishop of Dublin.

In this capacity he took his turn in the House of Lords, in himself a spectacle far more uncommon than it is now of a bishop of Liberal politics. He is not, as he observes in the preface to one of his works, "one of those jealous lovers of freedom who would fain keep it all to themselves." He had none of the orthodox intolerance—none of the hatred of Dissenters—none of the vehement horror of all church reformers—which had hitherto been the distinguishing properties of the species *Episcopus*. No wonder that his brethren whispered among themselves—spoke of him with bated breath, and very much doubted his orthodoxy. Orthodox, according to all the established precedents of the Episcopal Bench, Richard Whately most decidedly is not. As far as the Thirty-nine Articles go, he is, I dare say, blameless ; but most decidedly, so long as he adheres to the damnable heresy that a tithe-pig is not sacred in the hands of a parson, and that the tenth sheaf of wheat is not covered with the especial protection of the Deity—so long as he looks upon the worldly matters of the clergy with an eye of common sense, and regards them and what is called Church Property in the Gospel view of a labourer and his hire—so long as he continues to think that it is not part of the duty of a Christian bishop to oppress, by every means, the lower members of his flock, and to increase, by every means,

the pride and luxury of their masters—so long will Richard Whately continue to be no true bishop, but a rank, heterodox usurper of the place of some orthodox man ; and, withal, a pestilent heretic, doomed to damnation. I will wager a trifling sum that the Bench of Bishops would, if they spoke their minds, carry this proposition by a large majority.

Knowing Whately only by his writings, I was very anxious to hear his first attempt in the House of Lords—very anxious to see the man who will be the only representative of the Oxford of his age with posterity. I would advise those who admire him in his books, as I do, not to indulge a similar curiosity. Whately would throw a physiognomist into a frenzy, if he gave his judgment first, and heard his character afterwards. He is a large, muscular-framed man, with a broad, heavy, expressionless face ; his soul has the organ of stay-at-home-ateness very strongly developed, and does not allow a single scintilla or sparkle to escape to tell that that large, unwieldy, ogre-like body has such an inhabitant within it. He rose to address the House with an appearance of very serious misgivings, and he proceeded to recite a very well-written speech in a manner which reminded me of Lord Lyttleton's snatching "Thomson's Seasons," from the poet's hand, telling him that "he read them so badly that he was murdering his own verses." It was curious to see an elaborate writer upon rhetoric labouring under an awkwardness

that an ignorant spouter at a low debating-club would have laughed at, and speaking in a low and tremulous tone, that the same spouter would have drowned with one burst of *ore rotundo* nonsense. Yet, so it was ; and when Whately sat down, with a parting line of Homeric Greek, which very few of the noble lords about him could make head or tail of, I began to entertain very serious doubts of the "orator fit" adage—whether, like the Round-head knight,

When he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by,

or not, I cannot tell. He certainly impressed me with the idea that he was not likely to be of great service to the liberal cause as an orator ; and I was very sorry for it ; for, knowing the solidity of his talent, I felt that, if he had Exeter's glibness of talk, he would demolish that mushroom, and choke that conduit-pipe of bigotry with very little effort.

Whately has, nevertheless, done much good in his own sphere. He has carried toleration and Christian charity into an atmosphere where these things were before unfelt. He has afforded a specimen of a Protestant Irish Archbishop looking upon his Catholic fellow-creatures as things which were not sent into the world only to be plundered, persecuted, and destroyed ; he has shown that a Churchman is not necessarily incapable of seeing imperfections in the Church ; and, as he is one

of the Church's most doughty champions in the war of argument with the infidel, so he is the first to apply the friendly pruning-knife to her own excrescences, and to render her pure and healthy by the amputation of her abuses. Moreover, he has shown by illustrious example that the most pious and most gifted bishop is useless in the House of Lords, and affords a new argument in favour of the exclusion from that assembly of a class of men who are effective only in proportion as they are mischievous.

LORD HOLLAND.

"I am not conservant in the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me; but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned."—JUNIUS.

HERE is *the* nephew of Charles James Fox—a Fox of whom Charles James never had occasion to be ashamed, and whom he would still love. In spite of all the batterings of the gout, and the assaults of that inevitable enemy of all things, who is continually giving us a notch with his scythe as he glides past us, his lordship stands upon his crutches as fresh and as gay in intellect as he was when he first rose in the House of Lords among the gray statesmen of a by-gone age, and checked their sneers at his boyish appearance by a display of manly eloquence and talent.

Lord Holland, as I have of late seen him, crippled with the gout and supporting himself upon crutches, is, in appearance, but the wreck of what he once was. Still, however, you can see in that silvery-haired, stooping old man, much to tell you of what Lord Holland has been. There is the full, ruddy, healthful face, denoting that the disease which afflicts him is altogether local, which conveys to you an idea the very opposite to anything like morose-

ness or asceticism ; which insinuates, moreover, that while he has all the good temper, the excellence of heart, and the *bonhomie* of his uncle, he has preserved himself from the habits of dissipation which, in their remote effects, destroyed that great man, and which preyed, more or less, upon every member of Brookes' of that day. There is also in Holland's face the same light, sparkling, laughing eye, which has so often twinkled in accompaniment to the scintillating spark of wit, and enforced by its expression the ready and poignant repartee. I should conceive that a young man would see in this veteran nobleman, with his circlet of white hair, and his sprightly benevolent face, precisely the man whom, at sight, he would be prepared to honour and love.

The Foxes have improved in late generations, although they have been a clever race for some way back. Sir Stephen Fox, the first Lord Holland, and some others of the same name, who have been known in courts and councils, were fine, hearty, good-tempered fellows—but I am afraid they were sad scamps. They had a happy knack, for instance, of "*undertaking*" for a Parliamentary majority. None were better at slipping bank-notes into places where they were most likely to take effect upon a doubtful vote ; and none knew better the whole science of political patronage, conferring it exactly according to the principle of Bentham, so that it should produce "the greatest happiness to the greatest number," with the single reservation that the happy recipients should make their numbers

appear to the eye of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Some of these, I believe, fell into difficulties during the exercise of their cleverness ; and, if I mistake not, the Journals of the House of Commons have some record of an occasion in which one of these Foxes had the hounds in full cry so close upon him that he had need of all his cunning to get off with his brush. However, this was in times very different from these in which we live. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and the Foxes were among the first to espouse the new order of things.

Lord Holland, throughout his whole life, has been the untiring, ardent, and strenuous combatant in favour of those principles which he has lived to see advance under the championship of himself and his coadjutors, and which are now rising rapidly to the legitimate fulness of their power. He has been no carpet knight—no hanger-on upon the skirts of parties—no worshipper of the golden mean : heart and soul he has been engaged all his life time, giving and receiving hard knocks—shrinking, hesitating, or yielding ground, for no one moment ; but ever battling onwards with a right joyous energy, and always in the same cause. Where Charles James Fox was, there also was his nephew ; in strength of political principle he was never behind him, and he sometimes strained hard to get in advance. Throughout the whole series of senatorial battles, during the progress of the revolutions in France—in all that up-hill and hopeless contest, when the King, the Court, the Government, the two

Houses of Parliament, and the people, were all crying madly for the blood of the Jacobins, and showering execrations and threatening even death to the small and feeble band who dared to resist the predominating frenzy—there was Vassal Holland, with the sarcasm quivering upon his lip, the light and jesting defiance upon his tongue, and constancy and perseverance in his heart. Thinner and thinner grew the rank in which he stood; friends fell from his side; Portland and his crew deserted; Windham threw off his suit of blue and buff and put on the Windsor uniform; the Regent—that heavy-faced hog from the sty of Epicurus—withdrew; but Holland still was faithful. Through years of adversity, at times when politics divided men in their private relations, and to be a Reformer was to be the mark for the hatred of King, senate, and people—when to doubt the perfection of things as they were, to question the sacred rights of Gatton or Old Sarum, or to mourn the fate of a man hanged for cutting a sapling in some squire's plantation, was to bare one's head to be spat upon by the *things* of *society*, still Holland never thought of flinching: but held on, unruffled by any of the numerous defeats and disasters which befel his party, meeting every thing with the same lively perseverance and the same natural gaiety. The heavy tomes of the "Parliamentary History," and the succeeding volumes of the "Parliamentary Debates," contain ample proof of the talent and energy with which he sustained the contest. Scarcely an important debate is

recorded in which his name is not found prominent—hardly a strong protest is extant to which his name is not found affixed. Unhappily, his evil fate placed him early in the House of Lords, and denied him the true arena for acquiring fame; but hereafter, when these speeches shall be brought forth from the heterogeneous mass of ore and rubbish with which they are mixed, we shall read them with admiration at their intrinsic worth, and wonder that we could ever have looked upon the old and enfeebled Lord Holland without remembering all that he had been.

True, Holland was identified with the Whig party, and was one of its chiefs; but where, but for the Whig party, would England then have been? In those days, that party was the sole depository of all liberal principles; without its pale there was nothing but the most raging Toryism; with the single exception of a few madmen and knaves who corresponded with the Marats, the Condorcets, and the Robespierres of *la jeune France*, of whom Pitt bought up those whom he pleased, and would have hanged the rest had not the Whigs prevented him. Holland kept the party together. Holland House was their head-quarters; there the members of the party congregated, there they held their consultations, formed their plans, and kept up the strict union by which alone they could protect themselves against the persecution with which they were assailed. But for Lord Holland, and one or two others like himself, rich and powerful men, Pitt had

been altogether unopposed — But for these, the miserable Addington had poured his imbecile Toryism over the country until he had made it one stagnant quagmire ; and Liverpool and Castlereagh had been suffered to massacre Englishmen without one note of opposition to neutralise the sanguinary outcries of the cowardly and blood-thirsty Yeomanry.

All this has Holland done in other days. In the present he is not powerless. Bodily infirmities permit him but seldom to appear in his place in the Lords ; but when he does appear there the influence of his talent obtains for him immediate silence and an attentive hearing. Upon any great question his is the speech which usually is best remembered among the quidnuncs who devour the debates as a daily meal. Every one remembers Lyndhurst's boastful recapitulation of the number of bills which he had thrown out during the session. What could have been better than Holland's answer ? Who does not recollect the story he told of having dined with an American, whose especial care it was to let no guest depart who had not taken a skin-ful of wine ; and who, when they were all about to leave the dinner-room, threw open a cupboard-door, and, balancing himself uneasily upon his legs, pointed to a vast pile of empty bottles, and hiccupped, with a chuckle, " That's our work since dinner." The allusion was irresistible. There was not a set of lungs in the house that did not crow like Chanticleer at the irresistible parody upon

Lyndhurst's boast of his work since the session commenced.

Lord Holland is now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office of no very great emolument, and a post of no great eminence. But he wore himself out in opposition. He expended all his energy and strength when there was no possibility of his obtaining that influence in the Government which his rank and talent would have secured him had he taken the other side. By the time his principles became those which conferred power upon those who held them, his capacity for application was gone, and the honours and power which he had so well earned eluded his grasp.

As a literary man—as a poet, and a biographer, he comes not within the scope of my criticism. I may, however, mention that the world has still to expect at his hands an authentic life of Charles James Fox—a work upon which I know he has been long engaged, and which, if unhappily he should not live to complete, he will at least have *in effect* performed; for he has already collected and arranged such copious materials that the *Life* itself will be a mere labour of composition and style.

Into his private life I have no wish to enter. Not that there is anything in it to prevent his best friends from scrutinising it; but I have no taste for chewing the garbage of that wretched woman who has gibbeted herself for the sake of a thousand pounds, and has done as much as she could to

make all her friends and benefactors bear her company upon the gallows.

His Lordship, although he has the gout very often, and is laid up at his fine old Chateau on Notting Hill pretty frequently, is not an old man—not yet nearly seventy. May he long continue to bear himself, as he always has hitherto borne himself, the most liberal of the Liberal Whigs. May he carry his principles still green about him. Even though age should wither his sinews, and render rigid his limbs, may the elasticity of his politics endure to the last. May his hospitable house still be thronged with the illustrious in genius ; and may these, his friends, be able, when he is no more, to record of him—what can be said of so few—that in youth and in age, in prosperity and in adversity, in power and in persecution, he was, from the hour when he first rose in the British Senate to the moment when he surrendered his life, perfectly and minutely consistent with herself.

JOSEPH HUME.

"Nihil humani alienum a me puto."—TERENCE.

JOSEPH HUME is a man whose influence has been sufficiently great upon the age in which he has lived to justify me in classing him among first class politicians. It is not necessary that a man should be very great in order to be a first class politician now a days.

Hume is certainly the most influential and the most respectable man among the Radicals. Indeed I hardly like to class him among this set of sour crotchety people. He belongs to the same nominal party as Molesworth and Leader; he generally votes with them, and he sometimes patronises their dinners; but his usual demeanour towards them is very much that of a grim bull-dog who attempts to look pleasant upon two conceited little Italian greyhounds, which are bounding about him. His smile of approbation becomes a most woful grimace, and he is evidently under the greatest constraint to restrain the manifestation of his contempt. If it were not a physical impossibility for

Joseph Hume to blush, we should have frequent recurrences of this interesting phenomenon, passing like an aurora borealis over his immense face, when Leader is simpering, or Molesworth is declaiming.

If ever a man's outward appearance indexed his moral qualities it is that of Joseph Hume. Joseph is a colossal man—not a man of gigantic height. On the contrary, he is but little above the middle size ; but, for a man of that height, he is immense. He looks as though a shot from a nine-pounder would scarcely shake him. Look at those enormous feet, clad in buck-skin leather boots, of the most easy dimensions. It would take no common force to move them from the spot where they appear to be rooted. Look upon his tremendous chest and round brawny shoulders, the breadth between which is fully developed by the double-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up close under his chin. It must be some awful blow which would tell upon that chest ; it looks as though a battering-ram would not drive it back an inch. And then the head—that head of mighty size, with its rough and bushy covering of dark-grey hair. Is he not a colossal man ?

If such is the character of his mere figure, look upon his face, where we expect to find an intimation of character. It confirms all our previous ideas. His face also is a colossal face, large, and broad, and spacious ; not, however, like many broad faces—an open, ingenuous-looking, half-foolish sort of face. No ; Hume's is a rigid, hard, cast-iron visage—a solid, impregnable pyramid style of face ; large

features, and a mouth of terrible longitude, which appears to form the base of the pyramid aforesaid. That face, you can see at a glance, is as utterly impervious as the seven-bull-hide shield of Ajax. A violent blow would scarce be felt through its well-tanned rhinoceros skin ; and as to its being affected, like the countenances of other men, by assaults from immaterial missiles, such as ridicule, reproach, or argument—psha ! the idea is too absurd.

This is Joseph Hume's appearance, and this also is his character. He is no giant either in stature or intellect ; nay, in that respect, his body, probably, has the advantage of his mind, for Hume is certainly not a man above the ordinary level of the crowd in mind, and I question rather whether he reaches that mediocrity. Talent he has undoubtedly none. I very much suspect that he does not know what the word means ; and, if he is not sceptical altogether as to the existence of such a thing, he certainly thinks of it with very great contempt, as a swindling, useless, tinselly, rope-dancing sort of quality, fit only for those knavish rascals, Chancellors of the Exchequer, who, when they are obliged to bring their great board of gigantic figures upon the public stage, have a custom of throwing a light gauze-curtain of oratory over them, and use this same talent to weave into it such lots of studs and tinsel stars, till, at last, not a figure except the sum total is visible. Hume has not fine talent himself, and very much distrusts it in others. He looks upon it as one of the great banes of human society ; and he

thinks this would be a fine world if every man would confine himself to a straight-forward, common-sense view of every object that comes before him.

Like all men who boast themselves of their common sense, and have and wish for nothing more. Hume is a man of extraordinary obstinacy. Drive him from a position he has once taken the world cannot, and persuasion is almost as hopeless an attempt. There is a whimsical story related upon this subject which, although evidently a fable, shows at least that his reputation for obstinacy is not newly acquired. When the dissention between Canning and Castlereagh threatened a dissolution of the Portland Administration, the Whigs thought the time was come for delicate management; and had great hopes that, if they used the opportunity well, their colours might come up in the next twirl of the wheel. It was necessary, however, to conciliate the favour of "an illustrious person," and, unfortunately, just at that time, Joseph Hume was employed in bringing forward long series of figures, and making nightly motions, all of which involved the accounts of this illustrious person, and tended much to his discomfort. How to make this intractable creature quit his hold was now the problem. They argued with him and they coaxed him; but all their arguments and all their persuasion glanced away like peas blown by a schoolboy at a marble statue. What then was to be done? They deserted the House. But he did not mind that a bit; he would just as soon walk into the lobby and "tell" his

friend Sir Francis as he would with a minority of a couple of hundred behind him. He had, moreover, given notice of a motion of a highly personal character, and it was of the utmost importance in that exigence to prevent his bringing it on. Brougham, who at that time led the Whigs in the Commons, undertook to do it. Those who knew Brougham in his younger days know that, at that time, there was nothing too wild nor too daring for him, if it promised but sport.

Among the prominent Whigs of the day was the owner of a mad house at Hoxton, and of this man, although not a confidant, Brougham made an agent. Hume was invited to dine with some party-men previous to going down to the House. Soon after dinner a servant came and called him out, and Hume, whose punctuality and habits of business were never subservient to mere etiquette, immediately obeyed; after a little time, a noise, a scuffling, an opening of doors, and a sound of strange voices was heard below—a carriage drove from the door—one or two wondered what the matter was—Brougham remarked that it was doubtless some arrival at the hotel—and all went on smooth again. The wine passed, and Hume did not return. He had, doubtless, sneaked away to bring on his threatened motion. Soon after, a messenger arrived from the House; Hume had not been there. The very estimate against which he had directed all his wrath had been voted in his absence, and the danger was over. Brougham rose from the table with a

most sardonic grin, got, with his three friends, into a hackney-coach, and drove, at full speed to Dr. —'s, at Hoxton. The first sound they heard, when he got inside, was the stentorian voice of poor Joseph, frantic enough now, pealing forth in sounds which any doctor in London would have certified as evidences of insanity. Hastening to his assistance, they found him in a most forlorn, albeit, in a most noisy, predicament; strapped to the chair, with his arms extended straight out by the agency of a very straight waiscoat; his feet—those powerful feet—denied the exercise of all calcitratory power, through the confinement of strong cords; no limb at liberty, and no power of action, except that which came through his enormous mouth, and even that was exercised under frequent threats of gagging; meanwhile, an attendant, upon one side, was mixing a very thick and comfortable lather, another was stropping a razor, and a third was arranging a bowl, a lancet, and some fine linen bandages; in fact, the preparations for shaving his head and bleeding him appeared to be progressing in a most satisfactory manner. When Brougham and his friends entered, the eyes of the patient—he could not turn his head—were revolving in deep, but by no means speechless, horror, from one instrument of torture to another; and never was a man's astonishment and delight so great as his was at the sight of his friends. Of course, before his arms were released from his horizontal confinement, it was explained to him that a most terrible mistake

had been committed ; that the antics of the real lunatic had first led to the discovery of the error by his friends, &c. Hume looked horribly incredulous ; stormed and talked loudly of breach of privilege ; but, afterwards, calling his native prudence to his aid, reflected that it would be much better to say nothing about it, grew speedily cool, and then, with his characteristic pertinacity, walked down to the House, hoping he might be yet in time to make his motion. The Speaker had just left the chair, and Castlereagh met him with him with a half-laugh and a low bow in the lobby.

This is a story which has appeared in print, and I copy it because it is amusing. It is, however, a most transparent invention—a good joke—which just proves how obstinate Hume was generally supposed to be. As a speaker, Hume is, of course, not celebrated for the ornate style of his oratory ; for, although his speeches consist almost entirely of figures, his figures are not figures of speech. His manner is peculiar. He is never without a large quantity of papers, Parliamentary returns without number, and calculations founded upon these returns, in bundles, all prepared for use by his household of clerks, who, at a salary of something like a guinea a-week, he keeps constantly employed in working up his points. Upon estimate nights he rises to address the House from ten to thirty times in the course of the evening, and then his addresses are short, and strictly arithmetical. Sometimes, however, he comes forth with greater importance, and at more

length—such as, for instance, when he rose to denounce the Orange conspirators, a deed for which the country owes him a deep debt of gratitude. Then he pokes all his papers into his hat, except one roll, which he grasps tightly in his hand ; he puts his hat down carefully by his side ; and, as he never makes a speech without frequent recourse to tables and returns, he looks tenderly at the hat, as the repertory of his ideas. On he goes, in a straightforward, rattling current of broad Scotch, uttering, without a scintilla of ornament, strong and shrewd sense, evincing in a great majority of cases, good practical knowledge of the subject he is speaking upon, and applying that knowledge with a sturdy, resolute pertinacity, caring evidently very little which side of the House it may affect. Foolish people talk a great deal of nonsense about Joseph having declared he would vote black was white to keep the Whigs in office. They know little of the man. No man is less likely to vote against his conviction for any earthly purpose. It is perfectly true, however, that if the Tories by some manoeuvre had placed the Whigs in some informal position, and, therefore, by mere dint of jockeyship, had got the *formal right* upon their side, that Joseph's sound sense would penetrate at once the true point at issue, and that he would refuse to assert that two and two are four, when his assertion of that truth, at that moment, would be productive of danger to his own political principles, and of success to those of his enemy.

Heavy, hammering, and straightforward is Joseph Hume in his harangues. He is by no means a pleasant speaker. That he can speak at all is merely the result of practice ; for when he first entered the House he could not utter three sentences consecutively. He goes on with his story, and the House listens to him, for they know very well that has taken a hard, business-like view of the subject. He promises them that he is about to conclude ; but they do not believe him, for they have heard him make the same promise twenty times before, and speak half-an-hour after it. At last they get sick of his dry facts ; he promises again to conclude, and they believe him now ; they know he is in earnest, for he turns and looks carefully for his hat, that he may be certain it is quite at hand, to be put on as he sits down. This is a sure sign that Joseph has spun his yarn out ; he sits down, and his auditory are greatly relieved.

The history of Joseph Hume is one which every person professes to know, and is one upon which, I believe, almost every person is profoundly ignorant. I can only, in fact, reconcile many of the conflicting statements I have heard by supposing that Joseph has, in many instances, been mistaken for a brother, who was engaged in early life in the same profession, and in very similar pursuits.

As to Joseph's parentage and education I know little, or nothing, positively ; but, negatively, I believe it will be ascertained, on inquiry, that he is no very near connection of the Earl of Marchmont.

He went out very early in life to India, in the medical department, and very soon after he got out there discovered habits of business which were never suffered to be a moment dormant. Patient and plodding, strictly attentive to whatever he had to do, and always keeping a strict eye to the arithmetic of pounds, shillings, and pence, he went on, accumulating office upon office, until he became a pluralist of great magnitude, and, as I have heard from an officer who was his contemporary there, was seriously offended because he was refused the *chaplaincy* of a regiment, which he wished to add to his other avocations. During the Mahratta war he made a very large sum of money by buying up an immense number of horses, and selling them again, at an enormous profit, for the equipment of the cavalry. After many years thus passed in gathering a fortune, during which he retained the entire respect of his superiors, he returned to England, receiving at his departure from India the thanks of the Company for the services he had performed.

Upon his arrival he became a large proprietor of India stock, and a candidate for the directorship. During his canvass for this appointment he had to call upon old Mr. Burnley (I think that is the name, but my memory is now sometimes treacherous as to proper names), then residing in Brunswick-square. Hume found him in his study with his daughter, and, having stated his errand, was repulsed in a manner which was certainly anything but ceremonibus.

Hume was not at that time a very ugly fellow, and Burnley, although peevish from decrepitude, was a gentleman in feeling. The young lady pitied the gentleman who had been treated so rudely, and interceded with her father in his favour. "Well, my dear," said the old man, "if you think I really have behaved ungentlemanly to the young man, call him back, and he shall have my vote." He was called back. The old man was now ready to listen to him. They talked over Indian scenes and Indian affairs together. Hume was full of anecdotes, well informed and amusing. "These things to hear did the young lady seriously incline." Whether Hume got the directorship or no I do not remember; but he got footing in Brunswick-square, which he so well improved that Miss Burnley shortly became Mrs. Hume, with a dowry of a great many thousand pounds, and a fortune of twice as much more at her father's death. The old gentleman; however, when he gave away his daughter, insisted that her husband should never neglect her either for the House of Commons or the East India direction, and forbade both. Hume complied; but, at his death, Mrs. Hume, who had all the fond, womanly ambition to see her husband a public man, readily released him from this obligation, and into the House he went.

The *Times* tells a cock-and-bull story once a quarter about Hume and the Duke of Cumberland, and the representation of Weymouth, which, inasmuch as it is utterly incompatible with the known character of both the parties, is too clumsily contrived to impose upon any one at all.

It is unnecessary for me to pursue the history of Hume's public conduct. Everybody knows how, as member for Aberdeen, he commenced the Herculean task of unravelling all the ten thousand Gordian knots which made up the mighty confusion of our national accounts; how patiently and unmoved, amid torrents of abuse and showers of ridicule, he went on with his apparently hopeless task; how Canning's ridicule blazed about him, like lightning round a laurel-tree, and left him unscathed; how Castlereagh's clumsy abuse fell upon him like an angry clown's fist upon a stone wall; how little sinecurists ground their teeth at him, and great sinecurists threatened to hang him; and how he, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, continued his hard labour. History knows these things—history, which must speak of Hume as the pioneer of that reform spirit which now dwells among us. This man showed the people how they were swindled by their rulers. Until they had this knowledge, it was vain to talk to them of remedies for diseases which they did not know to exist. One by one, he brought to light every item of the enormous and hidden system by which the nobles, their families, and their dependents, drew, as upon a common stock, upon the produce of the taxes of the country. He triumphed, and we have the fruits. We must not refuse him his meed of acknowledgement.

Such is Joseph Hume. He is a man who loves money—some persons say *too* well; and this is a

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vice which always leads its slaves into positions injurious to their fame. He has done some things in public life which I will not defend ; but what man's life is there which will not afford topics for abuse ? He has not the head for a leader, nor does he ape the fopperies of a station to which he is unequal ; but he has been a brawny, an athletic, and an indutrious workman. He has deserved well of his country.

BOOK II.

A TRIO OF TURNCOATS.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

HAMLET.—Hark you, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ.—Haply he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

“Poor Old Daddy Burdett!” The greeting is not mine, it was that of a far more intimate friend than “Mask.” — It is the greeting of William Cobbett. Poor Old Daddy Burdett! Come, old gentleman, hobble forward once again upon the stage you are so fond of. Take up thy crutch, don thy one top-boot, add thy top bandages to the voluminous wrappings of thy gouty limb, forget for a moment thy forming chalkstones, and step forward with elastic tread to fight thy battles over again. Tell us all you have done in the bygone times; how you have harangued, and bustled, and stormed, and how the crowds followed and huzzaed, and cried, “God bless him!” while they threw brickbats and paving-stones at the rascally policemen and ferocious

soldiers who would drag thy dear body to the Tower. Tell us, in all the simplicity and garrulity of a tottering old man, how the enthusiastic sisters and daughters, and erst sometimes the buxom wives, of thy admiring Radicals, waved their rich gaudy handkerchiefs, bearing not seldom thy glorious head imprinted thereupon, shook thy ribbons from their pretty fingers, and vowed in ecstasy that their loftiest felicity would be to kiss thy feet. Yes ; such is the well-remembered wish of many a staid and sober matron, who now, in her douce old age, recalls the extravagances of her youth and acknowledges them with a hearty laugh ; and, if fame does not belie thee, thou naughty—naughty old man, many were the dear creatures to whom you accorded full opportunity of indulging their enthusiasm. Those feet, inclosed within the smartest and most brilliant tops that James'-street could send forth, were not then, dear daddy, the chosen rendezvous for imprisoned chalkstones and unemancipated humours.* Tell us, old gentleman, how you raged in the House of Commons ; how you frightened poor Addington into fits ; how Percival smelt a smell of brimstone when he saw you, and looked suspiciously at those continuations which the maidens so loved ; how the Whigs voted you dangerous ; and

* The gout and chalkstones of Burdett are fair subjects of badinage, for he has *made them politicians*. When he could not go down to the House without voting as a Radical, his gout was very bad indeed ; but, when he became the Tory member for North Wiltshire, the crutches fell from him and he put on *two* top boots. There is a good caricature upon this subject among H. B's.

how it was objected in the House of Commons to sending you to the Tower that you would blow up the powder magazine. Tell my younger readers these things in cosey and familiar chat, just as the old elbow-chair-loving Hallicarnassian tells us all about a few other things that some of us came a little too late into the world to see ; and then wind up the whole by saying, with an honest and a genial warmth—like the warmth of old wine, that, as you ever were, so you are still ; tinctured, as before, with a little vanity and a little passion for notoriety ; something worn in energy, and a good deal worn in body ; but still ranged on the same side, fighting with the sons of your early friends, true to your old principles, and determined to be wrapped up at last in the same flag you have sailed under all your life. Come forward and tell us this ; and, although many will doubt that you ever were a Solon, yet we will vote you three cheers that shall make the welkin ring, and give all honour to the “ fine old Englishman,” who never swerved from a friend or shrunk from a foe.

Is this Burdett ? Alas ! this picture of his old age is only a dream of what it should be. We must now pourtray him, as he is. In person he is a different man at different times. One day he is seen sitting on horseback as upright as ever, on the next he is a bending and decrepid old man, but still with the remains of a figure once tall and handsome ; his face still retains its oval contour, and is chiefly marked by a large, pointed, angular, and prominent

nose. Age and pain, and perhaps a little dissipation have rendered him imbecile both in mind and body ; he chatters garrulously and childishly ; he is a tiresome old man upon a large scale, for he takes public meetings by the button, and, however annoying it may be to hear for hours the drivellings of a faded patriot, yet he must not be put down or sent home, for he has at least 45,000*l.* a year, and his speech, when recast by the reporters, will be useful the next morning in the papers.

I am avowedly a disciple of Democritus ; yet, when I see the tottering figure of poor Burdett brought fairly before me, I cannot laugh at it. It is too pitiable a sight—to see an old man, halting towards his grave beneath a load of affliction, yet stopping to do a deed of public dishonour and of wrong ; to watch the ineffectual efforts of his malice, to behold the impotent will, the feeble, unaccomplishable sin—to see him strike at his country when his arm has no longer the strength to wound—this is a scene at which we might laugh for a moment, but which, at a second glance, must impress us with very different emotions, as we mark and mourn the degradation of our common nature. Let us turn from it to review the leading incidents of this man's former career.

Burdett, by a succession of fortunate deaths, succeeded to his family baronetcy and estates when a child ; and he fell also under the tutelage of the author of the *Diversions of Purley*, who gave him a thoroughly *Radical* knowledge of Greek, Latin, and

politics. I believe he figured also at one of the Universities; for I have heard a story that when Burdett was newly turned out from Horne Tooke's hands, he went down to the convocation house of his University, and astonished the Tory heads of houses, who had come there with their prepared speeches in their caps, by a burst of extemporaneous Latin, in which he abused them all in superlatives as long, and nearly as complimentary, as those which Cicero employs as synonymes for Catiline. It is said that when he sat down the house was in amazement. Of the few who understood what he said, only one had the temerity to attempt an answer, and he, having started off with three palpable false concords, regularly broke down upon a defective verb. After this, the convocation adjourned to write their replies, and I believe Sir Francis was not such a fool as to go the next day to hear them.

Horne Tooke saw the immense use which the large property of his pupil would be to the popular cause. He laboured with all his might to instil into him those qualities which might render him an honest and a powerful leader of a really national party—to enable him to run his instructor's own career under better auspices, and with a happier fortune. But the materials were wanting; Burdett had neither the talent nor the principle; and Tooke, although he could gild the log, could not transform it into gold. Still his money was an object to a party of poor patriots, and his rank would be of no small advantage to give them importance in public

estimation. He had neither talent nor steadiness, nor had he true ambition ; but vanity—O, he had stores of that vanity—enough for a pump-room full of puppies—a stock that might have set up half-a-dozen Brummels. Tooke, had he been as stupid as he was shrewd, could not have overlooked this. He saw it, laughed at it, and ruled him by it. He tempted the rich and titled stripling with the leadership of the Radicals. How eagerly he swallowed the bait ! Of course, the first process was a gentle tug at his purse-strings. The Duke of Newcastle would have sold his wares to his Satanic Majesty had he bid high enough. He received the baronet's gold with the blandest of smiles, and duly dubbed him M. P. for Boroughbridge. This was something for the Radicals. They had a man in the House of Commons now to repeat their speeches and to present their remonstrances ; to magnify whatever they should do, and to take care that they should not lie in Dundas's gaols without the country knowing something about it. Mighty, now, was the name of Burdett ; and all who saw the puppet only at a distance thought him a hero. The men who pulled the strings prosecuted the pious fraud, and laughed at their divinity. I well remember Burdett at this time. Upon great occasions—upon show days—when he made motions for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, his speech was written for him ; and although he seldom learned it very perfectly, there was an ease, a polish, a classical contour, and, above all, a *lucidus ordo* about it

that distinctly marked its origin. No disfigurement could make it pass for one of Burdett's brats.

It was, however, upon ordinary occasions, that you heard the baronet himself; when he was answering some cool, contemptuous notice vouchsafed to him by Dundas, or sometimes, in a moment of magnanimity, by Pitt. There he stood, his usually pleasing and modulated voice raised into shrillness and dissonance, like a witch vomiting crooked pins, pouring forth sentences having neither form nor comeliness—broken, disrupted, and meaningless; breaking poor Priscian's head with every breath, and treating with most unfriendly contempt his dear friend Cobbett's syntax—a jumble of words and sounds, in which epithets of rabid abuse were the most prominent elements; the little that could be understood effectually reconciling his audience to the loss of the remainder—windy violence, vapid noise, the bellow of the cannon without its ball. Such was Burdett *by himself*.

Horne Tooke, and, after him, Cobbett, managed, nevertheless, to cram this figure-head of their party at proper seasons, seated him for Middlesex, and puffed the shallow-pated young man to such an inordinate magnitude of folly that the puppy began to sneer at the memory of Charles Fox. This realization of the fable of the ass kicking the dead lion was too much for the risible nerves of the Middlesex folk; they sent him to play his vanity-fair tumbles before some other audience,

and his political guardians, internally cursing his folly, seated him for Westminster.

Then came the episode of the Tower—the good joke of being found teaching his son to translate *Magna Charta*, and the slaughter among the people who dared the danger out of which he slinked. It was Burdett's own vanity that caused the death of these men. It was vanity, vanity, vanity, that was ever the motive of Burdett. Vanity it was that at one time covered him with laurel, at another time with blood, and now with laughter.

Through all this the Radicals, at the expense of their own character, bore him scatheless; but this was not all done for nothing. The patriots borrowed his money without mercy, and very properly, for they had most richly earned it. So they themselves knew, and their pecuniary obligations never induced them to abate one jot of their demands upon his political obedience. At last—"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"—the baronet thought he could cut off his leading-strings, and shut his purse-strings. Then out came the fact. Cobbett nearly crushed him by revealing his impotence, and he would have settled him, had not Cobbett's fame been as great for intrepidity of assertion as for talent. As it was, Cobbett's voice, even from America, nearly unseated him, and he cried aloud for peace. Cobbett then told him the real truth; that the only use he could ever be to any party would be for his money; but that if he would put him (Cobbett) and his friend, Mr. Henry

Hunt, into Parliament at his own expense, he would shake hands and cry Peace. Burdett offered a handsome subscription, but that would not do ; and having declined to invest about £20,000 in the manner proposed by Cobbett, the one went on abusing, and the other calling for the money he had already lent. This was very pitiful in Burdett, who was bound to take the high tone of a gentleman (which we do not expect from Cobbett) ; he ought to have felt that he had received full value for this money. But a very vain man is seldom a man of very delicate feeling.

He was now so thoroughly established as a demagogue that his age made his violence respectable ; and although he heard a few occasional hissings at public meetings, yet he held a certain rank in the House of Commons. Here he was as outrageous as ever. Perhaps one of the best impromptu speeches he ever made was in 1824, in answer to Stanley's declaration of affection for the Irish Protestant Church. How valiantly did Sir Francis abuse the Irish parsons and all their doings ! " With regard to the Church of Ireland," said he, " the single question is, does that church do good or evil ? Is Protestant ascendancy, for that is what is meant by preserving the church, of so much benefit that it must, at all hazards, be preserved ? Or is it not a curse to the people of Ireland ? "

Listen to his reverence for the sacredness of church property :—" The property of the church, sir, is pay given for a public service, and it requires

that that service should be performed. * * As to the donors, I will ask to what church did they give this property?"

Admire, O admire, his love for, and character of, the Irish clergy. "The right hon. and learned gentleman has reflected on the landholders, but I think it would be better to have *gentlemen* enjoy the property of the church, and that they should have the salaries themselves to reside, than a class of men who can have no community of feeling or interest with their flock, who come not, to use the emphatic language of Scripture, 'to bring peace, but the sword,' and who, by their situation, were disliked by the people, who never could amalgamate with them, nor come in contact with them but in hostility."

I have not quoted these things from memory—the words will be found in Hansard. The modesty of the proposition that *gentlemen* should have the salaries *instead* of the parsons is good, very good, and exceedingly modest withal.

Unhappily for Burdett, the time was now coming when the cause he had used as a stalking-horse was to become successful—when men of some talent, as well as of some wealth and rank, stepped forward to urge it on. Poor Burdett! what a different life he now had; instead of being the great Apollo of the gaping crowd, nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Other more legitimate lions had got possession of the hustings, and poor Old Glory, who had now found his level, was

jostled and elbowed without ceremony among the polloi below. Amid the howling of the Reform storm, his voice was scarcely heard ; a few querulous notes, however, escaped, to let the nation know the dissatisfaction of the poor man whose trade had been taken out of his hands. Burdett had no Cobbett to write speeches for him now ; his light was waning, and every effort to revive it only served to betray his secret. Then came O'Connell, who not only eclipsed him, but treated him very ungenteelly, and with very marked contempt. I once saw him, at a meeting of Radical members and others, rise in the middle of Burdett's speech, put him aside with a wave of his hand, and begin as though he had only stopped the mouth of a troublesome child. I cannot blame Burdett for hating O'Connell. O'Connell treated him cruelly—I think shamefully.

Burdett now did the only wise thing he ever did : he retired from active service to curse the generation that would no longer shout after him as the ablest and the best of patriots, and to bewail his hard lot that he could not vote against the Radicals, who had chosen other leaders. He had no public principle, but he had some pride ; and although he hated all Whigs and Radicals, and consequently all Whiggism and Radicalism, very cordially, I do not think he then contemplated open apostasy.

Burdett, therefore, was any thing but happy in his retirement ; and, unfortunately, although the world was perfectly ready to forget that there was

such a person as Sir Francis Burdett in existence. Sir Francis loved not the happy vestal's lot—

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

Wine, women, gambling, opium—what are all these, habits though they be—terrible, pernicious, deadly, if you please—to the habit of notoriety—the custom of being in the mouths of men—the delicious excitement of hearing your name rattled in the great dice-box of the popular mind, and thrown forth, no matter whether aces or sixes—whether for praise or execration, so it comes forth—banded to and fro—shouted after—applauded—reviled—fought for—made the war-cry of contending parties? O, who that has ever known the sensation can ever cease to covet it? Not Burdett; no man of ordinary vanity could do so; to him, who was made up of vanity, it was the breath of life.

To him the perusal of this sketch will afford infinite pleasure; for satire, to your debauchee, far gone in the vice of notoriety, is infinitely more exciting than praise, and the sharper the better; just as strong snuff to confirmed snuff-takers—the more pungent the powder, the more exquisite the titillation. I am not quite certain that Burdett is not the man of whom the story is told that, when the editor of a scurrilous newspaper was tired of abusing him gratis, he was so annoyed at taking up the paper, week after week, without his customary excitement, that he sent to offer twenty pounds a column to have the articles continued. This anecdote must be true, although perhaps not

with reference to Sir Francis. It is too natural for invention.

Well, thus was Sir Francis located in his snug library, and easy chair; one foot reposed upon a well-stuffed footstool, while the other, enclosed in a top-boot, seemed highly impatient of its brother's infirmities; the baronet himself

“Nursing his wrath, to keep it warm,”

half raising himself in his chair, and reading one of his own speeches in an old volume of “Cobbett's Register,” when open flew the door, and in came, never mind in what form, the news that Peel was Prime minister.

Burdett was glad, no doubt; but I firmly believe that at this time he had never entertained the thought of apostatizing. I believe he had sufficient sense to see that he had obtained—he chuckled as he thought *how*—a *historic* reputation. He proclaimed at once that he had no confidence in the Peel administration; and, although he manifested no intention of doing more, still he did just enough to preserve his consistency—and pleaded his gout for the rest.

When, then, did Burdett's conversion take place?

The authoress of Sir Francis's conversion is said to have been a brilliant and beautiful lady who holds potent sway over the lower empire of literature—who is the patron saint of little reviewers, the divinity of magazine contributors, the liberal hostess of small poets, and, I must add, in justice, the

companion of great ones ; who takes captive the judgment of the greater lions, at the top of the table, by the charms of her conversation, and who commands the hebdomadal panegyric of the unlicked cubs at the bottom by the excellence of her *chef-de-cuisine*. The lady, when the time was approaching for the contest which was to seat or unseat Manners Sutton, exhibited a zeal which ought to class her with the Zenobias and the Duchess of Devonshires of history. No sacrifice was too great—no idea was too hopeless for her to adopt, if it offered but the outline of the hope of a vote gained for Manners Sutton. Many were the fluctuating M. P.'s who yielded to her fascinations—who were coaxed into a promise by this clever woman, and then looked foolish in the House of Commons, and stammered about “a fair trial,” and so on. Burdett presented himself as one whose apostate vote might be potent to the attainment of the object, and she applied all her powers of fascination to draw him over.

Sir Francis fell, stayed away from the division, found he was again talked about, saw his name once again in the newspapers, had damned his character for ever, and thought he might as well indulge his vanity. Then did he hobble across the House to Sir Robert Peel, mumbling as he went, “I am not changed—I am not changed.” Then did he indite letters in the *Times*, quoting, as was natural, his nursery-rhymes. What man was there who did not blush for him as he read the

“What a beau my granny was”

epistle.) Then did he, amid roars of Tory laughter and universal Radical pity, enact the Pantaloon in Covent-Garden, the scene of his former triumphs. His old friends looked on with pity—they could not bring themselves to strike, and the old man hobbled away shrieking with joy, like a baby which thinks it has over-reached its nurse. The Tories were, for a moment, astonished at his vagaries; but, when they found he had escaped, they took him carefully upon their shoulders, and boasted how popular *they* were, since one of *their* party had come in for Westminster.

Meanwhile, Burdett received his reward, and was as happy as ever. He recovered his notoriety. The newspapers talked of him again, and he made speeches again at great dinners. He had been magnified into unnatural dimensions by the Radicals; the Tories returned the same trick, and with equal success. But, alas, all this is gone by: the Tories have got all they could out of his apostacy, and even they treat him with contempt. He reached the depth of his degradation on the 19th of April, when the whole House refused unanimously to hear him upon the vote of confidence in the Irish administration. Nothing can now revive him but notice from the liberal party. If the Radical papers really wish to punish Burdett, let them interdict his name from their leading articles—let no provocation induce them to censure him—let him appear only among the “Arrivals and Departures.” If they do this, the Tory papers must follow their

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example for lack of opposition, and poor Sir Francis will be as miserable as ever. I have bestowed this long article upon him because I delight in his extravagances. I have never been his dupe, never his admirer ; and I laugh heartily as I see him making manifest his real character, and attempting to act without a prompter. I laugh while men discover that it is the oracle without the priest.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

“ And Stanley, bent upon the game,
Spoke of the chase to Jamie Graham ;
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betray’d.”

LADY OF THE LAKE.

HERE is an eminent example of the wretched stuff which poor human nature submits to admire and wonder at.

Sir James is a very fat man, with some thousands a year of income, who has been a very violent Radical, and is now a very violent Tory. These are his recommendations to notice. Tenth-rate artists luxuriate in glowing contrasts, and make their figures stand out in magnificent relief by daubing-in a very dark back-ground. The few turn away in disgust, but the many turn up their eyes and admire. Even so is it with your tenth-rate politicians—they strike the vulgar eye by contrast ; and, having attracted notice for one day, by some absurdly violent tirade upon the Liberal side, they keep up the fading sensation by one, a few days after, equally violent, but upon the opposite side.

This is a method of swindling an undeserved importance which is growing common ; and, from its great facility of accomplishment, political adven-

turers find that the Tories have more joy over one Radical that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine old Tories, that need no repentance. The first object, therefore, of a man who intends to be a Tory should now be to "bring forth works meet for repentance," and he will then, probably, find his repentance a profitable duty. Whether Sir James acted upon this principle I cannot say; he has certainly followed it out practically.

Intrinsically Sir James is a man of very small ability, either for good or for evil. He consists of a very huge frame, with very large endowment of oily matter; dark hair, full round face, a good sized nose, and feet of a size which were mercifully moulded by Dame Nature for his particular accommodation, in order to uphold a weight of body which they alone could have sustained.

Graham's intellect is as obese as his body. Coarse and ungainly—sufficiently removed from anything like elegance to prevent the absurdity of pretending to it unworthily—he affects the plain style of the farmer; and because he can talk in a straightforward manner that which he intends to say, Sir James, who never ventured upon a figure in his life, or ever uttered a sentence which was worthy of remembrance, actually thinks himself an orator.

Yes, reader, the rough-looking mountain of flesh is actually consumed by vanity; and being exceedingly stricken, he does not even strive to conceal his infirmity. Like many stupid people who find that, from sheer stupidity, they do things unlike other

people, and that, by the help of a strange luck, their blunders have sometimes been to them success, Sir James, finding that his farmer-like harangues and plain, violent Radicalism were listened to, and replied to, and talked about, conceived the notion that there must be something surprisingly eloquent in what he said. The honourable baronet awakened suddenly to the agreeable consciousness that he had been talking eloquence all his life.

Shine out, bright sun, until I buy a glass;
Jamie would see his shadow as he pass.

Suppose the delight of a mere clod-hopping clown at seeing himself reflected as an orator and a statesman ! What a singular idea of oratory and statesmanship the creature must have ! what a happy conviction it must have been that discovered to Graham that what he had always considered so homely, abrupt, coarse, and unpolished, was, in reality, so rare and estimable ! The Spanish governor, who suddenly discovered that the shining pebbles he was using as whist counters were, in reality, rough diamonds, could not have been more astonished and delighted than was Sir James when he found his speeches listened to and cheered by the House of Commons. How could it ever strike a *debutant* orator, yet drunk with the precious cheers that had astonished his ears and intoxicated his soul, that it was not exactly the quality, but the nature, of the speech he had made that drew forth the applause ; that the Tories cheered because they wished to exhibit his

speech as a proof of the dangerous absurdities to which the party he belonged to would proceed if they were allowed to go on unchecked ; and that a few ultra-Radicals cheered because they had never before heard a speech so promising for a general scramble proceed from a man who was a baronet, and had 30,000*l.* a year.

Sir James Graham was no boy. He was not a mere stripling who imbibes liberal principles from some schoolfellow or college chum, which are cherished with a mutual enthusiasm so long as all is theory and speculation, and which fade, like the transient passion-flower, the moment they are brought into contact with an atmosphere of practical interest. Sir James was a man when he bawled from the hustings, with stentorian lungs, the phrases which had been well worn by Cobbett and by Hunt.

He could number some eight-and-thirty years when he hailed with such enthusiasm the success of the French Revolution of 1830, and deplored the attempt to set up again the rotten structure of monarchy. Men who have little sterling coin must bid high to purchase upon credit. Sir James's stock of sterling talent was small indeed ; but his promises of Reform were so extensive that they were signed blank cheques, in which every one might write what he pleased as to amount. He startled even the "statesmen" of "cannie Cumberland," so long renowned for the extreme liberality of their principles and the common-sense view they take of all things connected with government. Even they

started when the Cumberland farmer, as he loved to boast himself, exhibited all his *sans culotte* doctrines and left it doubtful whether he did not intend to make manifest his dislike to the clumsy machinery of a kingly form of government. However, the phenomenon of a Radical landowner was too rare to be thrown away. They put their trust in him, trumpeted forth his praises, made him a popular man, sent him into the House as their representative, and stamped the lump of lead with an impress that gave it currency.

The Whigs were at that time courting the co-operation of the masses, and it suited their purpose to do them homage in the person of their favourite. Sir James Graham, therefore, to the infinite astonishment of every one who did not penetrate their motive, was put over the Admiralty. A man who knew no more of a ship than that it was an inconvenient vehicle which makes stout people sick, was intrusted with the control of the navy of Great Britain! The French are a people who sometimes take strange things into their heads. Reader, can you imagine a crowd of them so delighted with the awkward evolutions of one of their bears in their *Jardin des Plantes* as to insist upon having him unmuzzled and installed in the post of curator of the museum? If you can, you can form some idea of the spectacle exhibited by Graham in his new and extraordinary altitude. He set about reforming with an energy and a manner peculiarly his own—turned the Admiralty out of windows in no time—and,

doubtless, would never have stopped until he had cut down every seventy-four into a frigate, and built up every gun-boat into a hundred-and-twenty gun ship, if he had only been left alone, and suffered to pursue his senseless whim for mere change unchecked. His unlooked-for elevation had absolutely turned his head. Feeling that he had no very deep thought or design to go upon, he appears to have imagined that his *impulses* were infallible, and, verily, he gave them a full trial. There are none so vain as your very stupid people whom a few incidental successes have rendered confident as to the superiority of their own capacities. Graham thought he was ill-treated by his coadjutors. He certainly was a little checked and controlled, as, indeed, it was necessary that such a mad fellow should be. The Whigs knew their man; they knew very well that he was quite useless as a statesman. But they had him there not for himself but for his connections; they wished to please the Unionists, who saw amazing honesty in his speeches about blood and scaffolds. This was quite right; but they could not avoid letting him see this, which was quite wrong. The baronet was wounded in his self-love. His colleagues did not appear to think that he was such a very great man as he undoubtedly was. They did not appear to recognize the truth that it was he, and he only, who kept them in their places, and his being among them which alone secured to them the confidence of the people. They seemed almost presumptuously to imagine that they could carry on

the government even though he left them; and, perhaps, they would attempt to do so against his Herculean power wielded in opposition. This must be remedied—nay, it must be chastised. There was Stanley, an ill-tempered little man, to be sure, but a clever railer, nearly in the same position—ready to unite with any power, either of light or darkness, which would assist him to demolish a party that could not see and acknowledge his great superiority.

How these two men mingled the bitterness of their gall together, and, expecting that all the nation would rise in mass to follow them, passed out from the tents of the Whigs and hoisted the flag of the Derby Dilly; and how a few strange tatterdemalions gathered round them and staid until they found that hope of pay there was none, then sneaked off as quietly as they came; and how Stanley then merged into one of the larger, and Graham into one of the smaller, of the vertebræ of Sir Robert Peel's tail—are not these things written in the memory of all my readers, and, moreover, in the subjoined pencilling of Lord Stanley?

Liberal writers manifest great exultations at Graham's having, as they term it, received his reward. He was certainly kicked out in a very summary way by the Cumberland people, and he whined and blubbered at the operation like a lubberly school-boy; but as to his having absolutely lost anything by his apostacy, I do not believe it. He had been found out; the reputation he had fraudently obtained by blurting forth the ravings of political

fanatics was fast going from him. If he had not done something to keep his name up, he would have been forgotten altogether in a few months. Apostacy is rather a favourite move among political baronets, and why should not Graham have his chance as well as others? He got his little noise, as well as Sir Francis Burdett; and, now that is past, seeing that he has not the power of acquiring legitimate distinction, and cannot, by force of habit, do without some, I am rather anxious to see what he will try next. To turn round again would not do at all—it would not surprise a soul. He must rob the mail, or announce himself to be the real John Walter Cavendish, or throw his hat at the Speaker, or do something very desperate indeed, in order to get people to talk of him again. He is, at present, a very uninteresting stout gentleman, of considerable landed property, who sits for a Welch borough, and (according to the testimony of about forty members of the House of Commons, who are obliged to sit it out in order to keep the House from being counted out, and of certain reporters, who are very properly paid good salaries for listening to him) talks high Toryism. He has tried the plan of violent talking upon that side, but it does not pay; the leaders do not like it, and the few who would applaud are rivals who beat him hollow at his own weapons. I am afraid it is all over with him in the political line; but if he would only give up the House altogether, and attach himself resolutely to agriculture, I have some hope for him that he might

produce a breed of pigs that might create considerable sensation among the pork-butchers. Let him think of this ; this is better than nothing.

There is one good feature, however, about Sir James's recent conduct—he has been taught some little humility lately. Never was there a satellite which moved more faithfully round its small sun than Graham now does round Stanley. It is beautiful to observe the fidelity with which he clings to the coat-tails of his patron. All unrequited as his services are, still he renders them most diligently. He is as inseparable from Stanley in a debate as the pilot-fish is from the shark. If you are amused by the outpourings of the little lord's bile, you are sure to perform penance by listening to the stolidity of the baronet. Graham holds still by him as to a buoy, which, although it cannot advance itself, can still keep him just above water. Verily, they are a strange couple of hounds to run together.

Enough of Graham. It is a strong argument against popular discrimination that such a talentless and principleless person could ever hoist himself for a moment to the height of a popular favourite. Stripped of his disguise he has fallen to his proper level. There let him lie.

LORD STANLEY.

"Non te Torquate genus, non te facundia, non te restituet pietas."

LORD Stanley is a little man with small features, red hair, little blinking eyes, fair complexion ; with the restlessness of a squirrel, and the snappish expression of an angry lap-dog.

If you behold him upon his legs in the House of Commons, he presents a strange picture of perfect self-possession and great coolness, derived from his entire and undoubting confidence in his own powers, struggling, however, almost continually with an uncontrollable passion for saying something personal and ill-natured. With a voice ordinarily clear, but which in passages of excitement becomes shrill and scolding, he pours forth a continuous stream of fluent and flashy language. If he is merely arguing a question, he addresses himself to the reason, and acquits himself with considerable skill ; he does not excite sympathy, or inflame the passions, for he does not appear to be himself excited ; but he sits down, leaving upon the hearer the impression that he is a very able debater, and has made out a very good case. It is, however, when his own terribly bad

temper is urging him on, and stimulating his talents with its virus, that Stanley is heard in perfection. That subdued and polite virulence which constitutes the highest merit in the sarcastic oratory of the House of Commons—that concentration of all his powers upon his object of saying bitter things—that conversion of his heart into a fountain of gall—the earnestness of his manner—the evident genuineness of the hatred he expresses—all render him very amusing to a mere observer, but very terrible to the object of his hostility.

Stanley hits very hard, but he does not inflict so much as he feels. See him when he has sat down, and some opponent is lashing him in his turn. At the commencement he probably sits in a lounging posture, with his feet cocked up upon the table, an attitudinous elegance which he probably learned in America, and with an expression of mockery and supreme contempt upon his features. As his castigat^{or} proceeds, however, the feet are taken down and forced under his seat—he tosses up his head, whispers to his neighbour, laughs—then seizes some parliamentary paper, and, bending his elbows on his knees pretends to be deeply absorbed in it; but the smarting soon becomes intolerable; and he either springs forward, and without the slightest reason calls the speaker to order, or, after starting to his feet, suddenly restrains himself, throws himself back again, opens and shuts his knees, and affords proof that cannot be mistaken of the severity of his sufferings and the agony of his impatience.

And the Lord Stanley, who shrieks at this slightest touch, as though he had been sent into the world without his skin,—what laurels have his talents added to his illustrious house? Laurels! Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley does indeed stand forth from among his kindred, he stands forth the branded member of an honourable house—the splendid dishonour of a noble family. Let it be his fame and his epitaph, that he has changed the motto of his race, the “*sans changer*” of the Stanleys, from a proud boast to a bitter satire; let it be his joy that he attempted to supplant his friends—failed, *signally* failed—and then sunk to be a suttler in the camp of his enemies; let it be his reflection that he might have been admired as an orator, respected as a statesman, looked up to by troops of friends, and, at no distant day, acknowledged as their leader; let him look around and, as he obeys the summons of Sir Robert Peel, contrast the consequences of his perfidy and dishonourable ambition.

Stanley made his debut under the very best auspices; his advent was hailed by no less a man than Sir James Mackintosh. “No man,” said Mackintosh, in reference to his maiden oration, “could have witnessed with greater satisfaction than myself an accession to the talents of this house which is calculated to give lustre to its character and strengthen its influence; and it is more particularly a subject of satisfaction to me when I reflect that those talents are likely to be employed

in supporting principles which I conscientiously believe to be most beneficial to the country."

Bravely did young Stanley spout Opposition Whiggery in the House of Commons. *Mask* is old enough to remember, perhaps Stanley was industrious enough to have read, that Charles Fox was the man who first sternly and energetically denounced the iniquity of the Canadian Constitution, pointing with indignation to its Legislative Council as an imitation of the worst part of the British Constitution. Oh! what a yell the renegade Burke and his Tory crew then set up. How was Fox reviled, abused, nicknamed, and calumniated: but *magna erat veritas, et prevaluit!* Stanley followed in Fox's footsteps; he received the Canadian deputies with smiles, told them that "the Legislative Council was the root of all evils complained of in both provinces," that "it was a paltry and impotent screen for the protection of the governor," that "it was effective chiefly as a source of patronage," and he, LORD STANLEY, ADVISED THEM TO STOP THE SUPPLIES.

The Canadians had no grievances of any thing like magnitude sufficient to justify a recourse to arms; but, if there is guilt in their rebellion, if slaughter was the sequel to their rash attempt, let Lord Stanley bear his share of the responsibility. It was he who excited them to an impatience of their wrongs, it was he who agitated them to passion—it was he who gave them the hope—it was he who fanned the flame of their discontent for his own purposes, whether factious or personal. They

followed his advice—they did stop the supplies, and what was the result? It was what those who knew his character could well anticipate, but what the distant Canadians could never have expected from a British nobleman. He repudiated their cause, laughed at the expectations he had himself excited, and mocked them by an offer of a compromise more insulting and offensive than the worst tyranny of the Tories. Shall we wonder that confidence thus abused kindled into indignation which knew no prudence? Can we wonder that soon afterwards the wails of the widow and the orphan, of the dying Englishman and the mangled Canadian were wafted across the Atlantic?

But I am out-running my hero's parliamentary progress. Stanley rather startled his friends by his speech upon Hume's Irish Church motion in 1824. He then went to America, and, upon his return, entered the Colonial-office; built a house upon one of his grandfather's estates in Ireland, then lived in it in a style very uncongenial to all Irish notions of living: holding no intercourse with the gentry, but pacing rapidly along the high road, with a slouched hat and a thick staff, and known among the peasants as "the odd gentleman from England."

Upon the change of government Stanley was appointed Secretary for Ireland, and, vacating his seat, was thrown out for Preston by Hunt. This is a strong instance of the unpopularity of the man among those who know him best. Every house in Preston belonged to his grandfather, the Earl of

Derby, who then resided in the town, and was looked upon as the sovereign of the place. The grandson, however, had recently told the electors that it was no part of his parliamentary duties to subscribe to their races, and they, adopting a similarly strict view of the case, discovered that there was no clause in their leases under which they *must* vote for Mr. Stanley. The old earl was so much enraged that he broke up his establishment, pulled down his mansion, and would never afterwards enter the place. The snappish and irritable temper of the Stanleys is as old as their pedigree.

In Ireland Stanley was pert and unpopular; he snubbed the quid-nuncs, and soon got embroiled with O'Connell, who designated him a "shave beggar"—Irish for a barber's clerk. In England he attempted, without any authority from his official superiors, to smuggle into the Irish Arms Act a clause making the possession of an old pistol or a rusty gun in a disturbed district a transportable crime, instead of a finable offence. He was detected, and expiated his forwardness by a humble apology.

Then came his contests with O'Connell, in which he gained great glory, and obliged the arch-agitator to look upon the shave beggar with some degree of terror. He had then the Whig party at his back, and O'Connell was nearly unknown in the house, or looked upon only as a mysterious monster. He had family, wealth, influence, knowledge of the house, all in his favour. O'Connell could then hardly obtain a hearing, and was entering upon one

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of his most arduous fights—that with the cat-callers, coughers, sneezers, and menagerie imitators of the House of Commons.

In the Reform Bill contest Stanley was especially conspicuous; he matched himself against Sir Robert Peel, but with no great effect. The calm and quiet tactician, the conciliatory and passionless Tory was impervious to the outpourings of Whiggish wrath, while he availed himself most unmercifully of his knowledge of his assailant's weakness. Stanley earned the praise he received upon these occasions, for he suffered sharply.

During the time he held the Irish secretaryship, Stanley manifested no higher qualities than those of a mere debater. His statesmanship was contemptible. The yeomanry were armed—the people were slaughtered—the magistrates who directed the proceedings were retained in the commission of the peace—a return of the evidence taken before the barrister deputed by the Government was refused—an arms bill containing the most irritating provisions that could be devised was introduced—it was at once abandoned—and then Mr. Stanley, standing publicly forth upon the floor of the House of Commons, entreated Mr. O'Connell to draw up acts of Parliament for the administration of justice in Ireland. Such is the history of Stanley's Irish secretaryship.

His over-weening confidence and uncontrollable ill-humour rendered him little adapted for a subordinate station; and such was his opinion of his

own achievements that the highest did not appear altogether beyond his reach. The Whigs became embarrassed, and Stanley took care that all that he could add should be done to accomplish their discomfiture. He drew around him a knot of adherents, men who usually participated with him in a passion for over-estimating their own powers, and looked upon themselves as well able to form a band which should speedily annihilate all the existing distinctions of party. The Irish church was the only feasible pretence upon which he could separate himself from his superiors in office, and he made the utmost of this topic. His confederates will, many of them, come before us hereafter ; let us at present, therefore, confine ourselves to their leader. Every one remembers his "thimble-rig speech," and few are ignorant that, immediately after this demonstration, thinking he had gone too far, and prematurely disclosed his object, he wrote a very penitential letter to Earl Grey, in which the usual topics "heat of debate," &c. &c., were copiously set forth. Grey, very probably, put the letter in the fire, and we can suppose him to have remarked, "This noisy boy is as contemptible in his repentance as he is dangerous in his offences ;" certainly, he ever afterwards regarded him as a traitor.

Stanley married into a high Tory family, and grew towards the Tory connexions he thus obtained. He had followers, and the vanity of the confident youth, exulting in the certainty of this rather

improbable fact, never heeded the discordancy of their natures—never asked himself how disgusted ultra-Radicals and personal high Tory friends could settle down into an unanimous party. “On, Stanley, on!” The premiership was in all his dreams, and he waked to clutch at it; a party of his own making filled, in his imagination, all the posts of Government. What a career was before him! How should the fame of Pitt diminish before that of Stanley!—How should posterity re-echo the name of the founder of the new dominant party!—How should future scribes puzzle themselves and their readers to discover the principles struck out by the new political sect: and name them any thing, except jealousy of elder and abler men, and but a waspish impatience of control! Gradually the new leader and his friends, not figuratively, but actually, sidled down the ministerial forms towards the cross benches. Night by night did they place an inch or two more of mahogany between them and the ministers, until they sat in a body upon the cross benches. Thence they gradually passed over one by one to the opposition side. Stanley was early in his transition; and at last Mr. Walters, of *The Times*, was left alone of all the squad, “the last rose of summer,” as O’Connell termed him. Even he at length disappeared, and the disjunction was complete.

Stanley had got rid of his friends; but alas! the ragged regiment with which he had condescended to march through Coventry soon found that there

was little chance of being joined by sufficient malcontents to enable them to make a hurrah upon the Treasury. Peel's phalanx continued intact, and, though the Tories justified Stanley's desertion of his friends, he heard no whisper of their electing him their leader. As they were banded together by no principle, his adherents soon began to desert; the great majority were drafted into Peel's more promising service; and from the leader of between thirty and forty votes the adventurer found himself *tête-à-tête* with his crony and companion in apostasy, Sir James Graham.

From this moment he plunged into deep and turbid Toryism. The zeal of an apostate is proverbial, and Stanley is no exception. He is Peel's restless and dangerous subordinate; drawing his new associates into the most fatal positions, and frustrating his *candid* and *moderate* leader's most profoundly concocted plans, by his mad violence. The Irish parsons have no such unscrupulous admirer—the hero of Rathcormac has no more vehement defender—the Irish people have no more virulent vituperator—the English people have no more bitter enemy than the faithless political friend, the apostate Whig, the jealous, irritable, and universally disliked public man—Lord Stanley.

Let us hope, in common charity, that Lord Stanley's reverence for the Irish parsons is not assumed; let us hope that he really believes the stories that Peel and the more sensible members of the Tory party laugh at so heartily—in *private*.

Let us believe that it was really his fear of Catholicism and Smithfield fires which drove him *to canvass*, or at least, to bias, *his father's tenants in Lancashire against his father's candidates*, and obliquely to insinuate the precarious tenure of an old man's life, by placing the influence of the heir apparent against that of the possessor. Let us look at the fairest phases of his conduct. This point of view will, indeed, render it necessary to place his lordship's intellect a grade below that of the Rodens, the Kenyons, the Trevors, the Sibthorps, and all that bumpkin crew ; but it will rescue the name of Stanley from becoming the household word for infamy in public life.

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THE END.

B. BENSLEY,
(FROM BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET),
PRINTER, WOKING.



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